

Sports Illustrated



AUGUST 16, 1982 \$1.50

CHICAGO'S ONE-MAN GANG

Running Back
Walter Payton



SMOKERS

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**A whole carton of Carlton has
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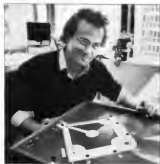
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ARTIST AT WORK: GENDRON'S STILL IN THERE PITCHING

Sports and art have always vied for the affections of SI Assistant Art Director Larry Gendron. Although he began painting in the third grade after he fell in love with a print of Salvador Dalí's *Persistence of Memory* in Funk & Wagnalls Encyclopedia, Larry pitched his way through Little League, Babe Ruth and high school in Claremont, N.H. Art won out in his last two years at Stevens High, however, and he put baseball on hold. "It was too competitive, and I didn't have the time to paint and pitch," Gendron says.

When Gendron, 29, went on to Windham College (now defunct) in Putney, Vt., he made peace with his passions: He was a fine arts major, concentrating on painting and etching, and a starting pitcher for the Windham Lions. The summer after his freshman year, Gendron had his first show of surrealistic paintings, and the next spring he pitched a two-hit shutout.

Gendron's abiding interest in sports came naturally. His father, Louis, raced Porsche coupes, and his maternal grandfather, Benjamin Zerba, pitched semipro ball in New England. Gendron's mother, Wreatha, favored the Red Sox and shared a cigar in 1964 with then Manager Johnny Pesky (né Pavlovskich) when he came to Claremont's St. Joseph's Church to be honored as Polish Athlete of the Year. Larry and his brother, Louie, 12, are Red Sox fans; sisters Lynn, Lorene and Lea never followed the game.

When Gendron moved to New York City in 1976, after a year of operating a web press in Saxtons River, Vt. and a year painting in Stony Creek, Conn., he started a stickball team called the Watts Street All-Stars. When he wasn't hurling a Spalden, he was learning the mechanics of layout and design while working at Rodgers Studio. After four

years there, Larry came to SI in 1980 to work on *The Year in Sports* issue. He now contributes to the design of every issue. But the years of pitching have taken their toll on his shoulder, and the only baseball Gendron plays is Alexander's Baseball Game—in his office. It's played with marbles and a pinball-type bat on a metal field. Gendron just likes the way it looks and the idea of having a diamond nearby.

Larry's present "in" sport is golf, which he took up again this past spring. He had quit at the age of 14 after suffering a severe attack of appendicitis on the course while playing with his father. "I was afraid to start playing again," he says, "because I thought something terrible would happen again." His scores, he reports, have improved from "terrible" to the mid-80s.

Gendron still sketches and plans to resume painting, and he likes to revisit the baseball diamond in Claremont, particularly when Louie is pitching for the Little League Braves. Does he ever get the old urge to throw a high' hard one himself? "No," Gendron says, "because my shoulder would probably fall off if I did."

Philip D. Harder

COMING SOON...

**Sports Illustrated's
Biggest Issue Ever!**

On Sept. 1st, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will publish its **FIRST COLLEGE AND PRO FOOTBALL SPECTACULAR**, the biggest issue SI has ever published—a record number of pages!

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Cut it together—Buckle up.

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You are looking at a specially prepared and modified new Ford Ranger crossing the finish line of the "San Felipe 250" in Baja; one of the most grueling off-road challenges in truck racing. To win you not only have to beat the competition, you have to conquer the sand, sagebrush, dried riverbeds and mountains of the Mexican Desert.

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A reenactment of Ford Ranger winning the San Felipe 250.

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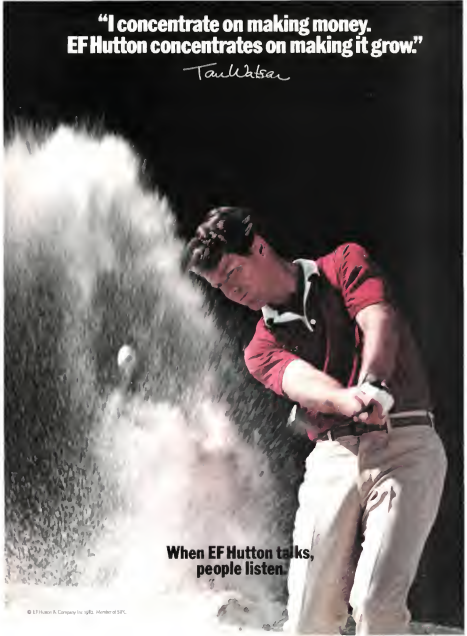
Ford Ranger



There's A Ford In America's Future.

**"I concentrate on making money.
EF Hutton concentrates on making it grow."**

Tau Watson

A black and white photograph of a golfer, Tau Watson, captured in the middle of a golf swing. He is wearing a red polo shirt and light-colored trousers. A large cloud of dust or sand is kicked up behind him, partially obscuring the background. The golfer's expression is one of intense focus.

**When EF Hutton talks,
people listen.**

MAKING ALTERNATIVE PLANS

The NFL Players Association was working on a plan last week to stage its own games this fall in the event that collective bargaining negotiations with the NFL owners, which have thus far been notably unproductive, result in either a strike or a lockout. The NFLPA's talk of holding some sort of alternative season, involving six or more "all-star" teams and culminating in a championship game, gained credence when the Turner Broadcasting System confirmed that it was close to reaching an agreement with the players' union to televise alternative games on its cable network. Asserting that the NFLPA had already begun lining up stadiums and promoters, Executive Director Ed Garvey said that the alternative season would provide players with income during a work stoppage. Perhaps more important, it might enable them to score telling bargaining points with the owners. "We've always said the players are the game," says Garvey. "If you have players and coaches and a local promoter, you've got football."

The NFL has indicated that it would likely challenge any NFLPA-sponsored games. Except for two dozen unsigned rookies and veteran free agents, all NFL players are currently under individual contracts with NFL clubs for at least one year, and the league takes the position that those contracts would prevent signees from playing football elsewhere during a strike. Garvey somewhat lamely tries to argue otherwise, maintaining that the NFLPA never approved the specific language in the standard player contract tying players to their NFL teams. Garvey is probably on stronger legal ground in contending that players would be free to participate in alternative games in case of an owners' lockout. Indeed, Garvey's unspoken objective in raising the possibility of such games may be to disabuse the owners of any thought of locking the players out just before the season opens on Sept. 12. If the owners could be induced to drop that idea, the NFLPA would be free to strike at a time of its own choosing, perhaps after the third game of the season, at which time players would get credit toward their pensions for a full season's service.

On the other hand, John C. Westart, a

professor of law at Duke who specializes in the legal aspects of sports, suggests that there may be ways that the NFLPA could maneuver the owners into locking out the players. This might be done, Westart told SI's Cathy Wolf, if the union "whipsawed" the owners by instructing certain teams to strike and others to continue to report to work. Or if it selectively ordered, say, all but the five highest-paid players on each team to strike. "What would the owners do with these five?" Westart asked. "They couldn't use them. They need full teams and leagues. So they might release those players from their contracts to avoid paying their salaries. Then the NFLPA could order five more players back to work. The owners might have to simply give up and lock out everybody." Because of serious doubts about NFLPA unity—such players as Joe Montana, Ray Wersching and John Hannah have either resigned from the union or stated they won't honor a call to strike—it's uncertain whether Garvey could pull off such a stratagem. But the very idea might give the owners something to think about as Sept. 12 approaches without progress toward a collective bargaining agreement.

NO MORE KILTS FOR MUFFY

Attention all alligators from coast to coast: Preppy is out. That's the word from Bea Toner, a past president of the U.S. Field Hockey Association who has been involved with that most top-drawer of all women's sports for three decades, but who now says flatly, "We're not preppy anymore. We've grown beyond that." Toner's assertion is prompted by a sartorial departure that occurred three weeks ago at the National Sports Festival in Indianapolis, where members of the four regional teams competing in women's field hockey put their accustomed box-pleated kilts in mothballs and adopted a stunning new look—brightly colored shorts and tank tops.

To appreciate the significance of this development, one must understand that while field hockey is also played by men, it has traditionally been thought of as a highly refined game for "ladies" who were earnestly expected not to sweat. This stereotype was encouraged by the

fact that for many years participants were primly, if not suffocatingly, attired in jumper-style tunics with long-sleeved shirts and black stockings. Although tunics were largely replaced by kilts in the 1960s, that scarcely diminished field hockey's patrician flavor, especially in the U.S., where the sport has been identified with Eastern private women's schools and where kilts rank with Top-siders and cultured pearls as symbols of conservatism and, yes, preppiness.

But field hockey can be a fast and action-packed game and the women playing it today tend to take it seriously. They have found kilts to be almost as hot and cumbersome as tunics, which helps explain the new getups in Indianapolis. Manufactured by Levi Strauss, the official Sports Festival outfitter, the skimpier uniforms were acclaimed as cooler and less restrictive than kilts and also met the complaints of players who, when dribbling, were forever losing track of the ball under their skirts.

The new look will be introduced in in-



ternational competition when the U.S. national team dons shorts—with short-sleeved shirts rather than tank tops—at the American Cup tournament in Boston in October. U.S. players are also expected to wear shorts at the 1984 Olympics. Meanwhile, both Australia and New Zealand have expressed interest in the new uniforms. Although some members of the sport's Old Guard are upset about the abandonment of kilts, Noreen Lan-

continued

dis-Tyson, the U.S. Field Hockey Association's director of communications, welcomes the change as being potentially helpful in expanding the sport's appeal beyond the Northeast. "Field hockey is no longer a ladies' game," she says. "This isn't the Dark Ages. Women sweat and everybody knows it. Besides, the preppy image isn't an exciting one."

SELLING FISH SANDWICHES

The University of San Francisco's decision on July 29 to drop basketball came the same week that a young man named Peter Simon was hired as the school's sports information director. SIDs are supposed to generate publicity for university athletic programs, but USF's bombshell was strictly bad news for Simon. Because USF doesn't have a varsity football team either, he now has little choice but to concentrate on beating the drums for the Dons' strong soccer program. Simon, who previously worked as publicity director for two pro soccer teams, the Tulsa Roughnecks and the now-defunct San Francisco Fog, gamely intends to do just that. "It's like if McDonald's couldn't sell hamburgers anymore," he says. "They would have to sell Filet-O-Fish sandwiches. You have to interest people in what you have."

PICKING ON THE GAY GAMES

The Gay Olympic Games, scheduled to begin in San Francisco on Aug. 28, shape up as quite an extravaganza. Designed "to show that gays are ordinary people," in the words of co-organizer Dr. Tom Waddell, the nine-day event will feature competition in 17 sports and is expected to attract 1,500 male and female participants from 14 countries. California Governor Jerry Brown is expected to attend. San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein has promised to proclaim a "Gay Olympics Week." The city has provided Kezar Stadium for the opening ceremonies. The track and field competition has been sanctioned by the national governing body for that sport, The Athletics Congress. But there's one sour note: The U.S. Olympic Committee, asserting exclusive right to such nomenclature, has demanded that sponsors drop the word Olympic from the event's title.

That demand has drawn the ire of Gay Olympics organizers, who charge that the USOC is singling out their undertak-

ing because of queasiness about any association with homosexuality, which, if true, would be ironic considering that the ancient Olympics, an all-male event in which participants competed in the nude, was staged by a society in which homosexuality flourished. Waddell, who finished sixth in the 1968 Olympic decathlon in Mexico City and is now a gay activist, notes that there's no shortage of activities in the U.S. that are referred to, at least informally, as "Olympics," including the Alcoholic Olympics in Los Angeles, the Olympics of Ballet in Sacramento and the Pistalymphics in Minot, N.D., which publicizes that state's durum wheat industry. "We've also come across the Rat Olympics, the Crab Cooking Olympics, the Xerox Olympics and the Armenian Olympics," says Waddell. "The bottom line is, if I'm a rat, a crab, a copying machine or an Armenian, I can have my own Olympics. If I'm gay, I can't."

U.S. Olympic officials deny that their displeasure with the Gay Olympics has anything to do with their views on homosexuality. They note that Congress, in the Amateur Sports Act of 1978, conferred on them exclusive control in this country of the interlocking-ring Olympic symbol and prohibited others, in the absence of permission from the USOC, from using the words Olympic, Olympiad or the like in ways that might cause confusion with "any Olympic activity." They say that the USOC has sanctioned the Junior Olympics and Special Olympics out of a desire to promote sports for young people and the handicapped but that USOC lawyers frequently write letters to organizers of other events complaining about unauthorized appropriation of the name. The objection to the Gay Olympics, they say, is that it is an athletic event that promises to be both large and international in scope and whose use of the Olympic designation would, as USOC Executive Director F. Don Miller has put it, "dilute the meaning and significance" of the Olympics.

It's possible that the USOC may yet take last-minute legal action to force a change of name. One trademark law specialist, University of Virginia law professor Harvey Perlman, says that the outcome of such an action might hinge on the issue of whether the Gay Olympics' name is likely to cause confusion in the public's mind. But Perlman notes that the Olympics go back 2,800 years and

says that "a rather strong argument can be made that Olympics is a generic word" and thus in the public domain. Interestingly, International Olympic Committee Director Monique Berlioux says that the IOC now accepts that the word Olympic is generic and consequently no longer seeks to control its use. She also says that the IOC wasn't consulted about the 1978 Congressional act, adding, "The U.S. Congress has no right to give away something that belongs to the IOC, least of all the Olympic emblem, which Baron de Coubertin [the founder of the modern Games] bestowed on the IOC and nobody else." It was in keeping with that view that the IOC recently protested to the USOC what it considered the illegitimate use of the Olympic ring symbol in ads and articles in the USOC magazine, *The Olympian*. All of which makes it slightly awkward for the USOC to be screaming foul about the Gay Olympics.

NELLO COLUMBUS

In recent weeks note has been taken in these pages of the accomplishments of the University of North Carolina (winner of national championships in 1981-82 in basketball, lacrosse, women's soccer and the College Bowl quiz show), UCLA (winner of national titles in 1981-82 in swimming, tennis, volleyball, women's softball, women's track and debating) and USC (which has had gold-medal winners at every Summer Olympics since 1912). Now a reader, Kenneth E. Dennis of Arlington, Va., asks: Which is the only school ever to win NCAA titles in basketball and baseball and the Associated Press's mythical national collegiate football championship?

Good for you if you answered Ohio State. Bonus points if you also knew that the Buckeyes won their titles in basketball in 1960, in baseball in 1966 and in football in 1942, 1954 and 1968.

THEY SAID IT

• Bear Bryant, allowing that he'd been impressed during a meeting with Michael Kane, who's writing the screenplay for a movie on the Alabama football coach's life: "He's an able writer . . . if he writes what I hold him."

• Pete Rose, on his ability to stay young: "I don't play like a 40-year-old and I don't think like a 40-year-old. I guess that's because I'm 41."

Natural Light invites you to run your way to the 1984 Olympics!

Natural Light raises money to support America's Olympic effort and win a trip to the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games.

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Natural Light is contributing to Run Your Way to the Olympic program (raise funds for the 1984 Olympic Team). As one of America's Olympic hopefuls, I am asking you to again serve as the program's national champion.

Here's what you can do to help. Set a reasonable running mileage goal for October. Each pledge for each mile you run that month. Run as much as you can. Collect the pledges to help the U.S. Olympic Team. Yours could be a prize-winning effort.

The runner who collects the most money will win—**Grand Prize: A trip for two to attend the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics** (including your transportation and hotel for three days and two nights).

Other Prizes Everyone Can Win Are:
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For collecting \$100 or more—A Natural Light Olympic t-shirt (see below).

\$5.00 to register now (to help cover mailing costs). We'll send you the official "I'm Running For USA" t-shirt plus complete program details. Your help, America's 1984 Olympic Team will benefit. Thank you for your support.

Sincerely,
Craig Virgin
Craig Virgin

Registration is legal in Pennsylvania and Texas. Participants may wish to help the U.S. Olympic Team. Participants must be of legal drinking age.



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Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 16, 1962





Too Green To Gather Gold

Leading international swimmers, U.S. swimmers flopped at the World Cup Finals in London (left) and a shining moment and the swimmer's career.

by CRAIG NEFF

CONTINUED
11

On the bleak fringe of Guayaquil, Ecuador last Thursday afternoon, diver Christina Seufert of Ann Arbor, Mich., watched a 30-foot-high cyclone of black dust swirl through dirt fields behind La Pradera Diving Complex. "This has been one strange meet," she said, and the cyclone abruptly dissipated. Seufert, 25, who five days earlier at the IV World Aquatic Championships had won a silver medal in the women's three-meter springboard, then took her seat in the stands to witness another unlikely sight: 17-year-old Wendy Wyland, a tiny 5' 2", 110-pound high school senior from Mission Viejo, Calif., leading the heavily favored Chinese divers with just two rounds remaining in the women's 10-meter platform finals.

As Wyland stepped up for her seventh and penultimate dive, one of the poolside judges began waving his arms in distress. "Wait—I can't see," he shouted. Some observers had already suggested that, but in fact the judge, a Colombian, claimed the sun was in his eyes. While Ecuador-



TOTAL		JUEZ/PUNTOS		JUDGE/SCORE		JUEZ/PUNTOS		JUDGE/SCORE	
19986		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
10		10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
TOTAL		RONDA ROUND		CALIFICACION AWARD		SALTO DIVE		POSICION POSITION	
4		6000		403		6		20	

Lougaris led an unprecedented sweep by U.S. divers, winning both springboard and platform and lighting up the scoreboard with a perfect dive. It was all music to his ears.

ian attendants vainly tugged and heaved at his lifeguard's chair—the judge was still in it—U.S. Diving Coach Ron O'Brien stood on the opposite side of the pool, fuming. "He should've at least waited until the end of the round," O'Brien said. Several minutes passed before Wyland was allowed to dive.

She moved to the very edge of the concrete platform, turned her back to the





The three-meter board wasn't on the level, according to Neyer, but she fought the uphill battle and took the gold from Seufert.

water and inched out until only the grip of her toes held her in place. Then, perilously, she started to wobble. Stiff, steady winds—strong enough to have shredded one of the flags (Great Britain's) flying over La Pradera—had prevailed throughout the 10-day meet. They had even slowed some of the swimmers. Now, on especially strong gust was blowing at Wyland's back.

She stepped forward onto the platform and smiled at the ludicrous situation. Wyland had been so relaxed all afternoon that she'd read a thriller, *Eye of the Needle*, between dives. "I really wasn't rattled," she said later. Said O'Brien, "I was a nervous wreck."

At last the wind subsided and Wyland launched into a back 2½ somersault, pike position. The somersaults were quick and sharp. She entered the water softly. "Hooooo," screamed Seufert as a small U.S. cheering section sprang to its feet. In a moment the board flashed 69.60 points, Wyland's highest score of the meet. She had clinched the gold medal.

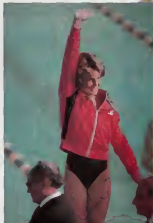
The American divers needed only one more victory to complete an unprecedented sweep of the four world-championship events. On Saturday, the meet's final day, University of Michigan freshman Bruce Kimball and defending world champion Greg Louganis of El Cajon, Calif., would compete for the men's platform title. Louganis had already turned in the most spectacular springboard performance in history at the meet. Kimball

had used the world championships as a motivational goal during the eight months of rehabilitation that had followed his near-fatal auto accident last October. Both divers were ready.

The U.S. swimmers, in contrast, were struggling. Going into Saturday night's finals at the Alberto Vallarino Pool in downtown Guayaquil, they had won just seven of 24 events. At the last world championships, in West Berlin in 1978, they had taken 20 of 29. "If we were liv-

ing up to our own expectations, everybody else's wouldn't matter," said National Swimming Coach Mark Schubert, whose team had expected—and been expected—to break half a dozen or more world records. Instead, the Americans had swum unaggressive, sluggish, even stupid races. Former Auburn star Rowdy Gaines, the world-record holder in the 100- and 200-meter freestyles, had finished second in both events, losing to Jorg Woithe of East Germany in the 100 and West Germany's Michael Gross in the 200. World-record holder Craig Beardsley of the University of Florida had also come in second in his specialty, losing to Gross in the 200 butterfly. It was the first time Beardsley had been beaten in more than two years. Tracy Caulkins of Nashville, who had won five gold medals in West Berlin, had gotten only two bronzes in Guayaquil, in the 200 and 400 individual med-

Neither high winds nor sun-blinded judges fazed Wyland as she coolly defeated the heavily favored Chinese in the platform.





How sweet it is: 1) The U.S.S.R.'s Svetlana Viganova cheers the 200 breaststroke; 2) Davis shows who's No. 1; 3) Carey crows the 200 back; 4) Gross grins for the 200 free; 5) Siroh salutes her 200 back mark.

Gross, a really gross (6' 6") West German, exhibits the wingspan that won the 200 fly.

leys, losing to Petra Schneider's world-record in the 400 (4:36.10) and to the East German's near-record 2:11.79 in the 100. Gross, Schneider and the U.S.S.R.'s Vladimir Salenkov, who won the 400 and 1,500 freestyle, were the only swimmers to get two individual gold medals during the meet.

It was too early in the summer for the Americans to be both fully trained and fully rested. They had been forced to peak for this spring's NCAA and national short-course championships, and they had swum in arduous trials only two weeks earlier in Mission Viejo. Moreover, they were inexperienced in international competition because of the 1980 Olympic boycott. Only seven of the 43 U.S. team members had ever swum in world championship competition, and that greenness showed. For example, when 18-year-old Rich Saeger of Mission Viejo, confused by the starter's signal, thought there had been a false start in his preliminary heat of the 200 freestyle, he gently coasted up from his dive and pulled to a halt. Five other swimmers in his heat didn't stop and Saeger failed to make the finals. The next night he swam a relay lead-off split that would have won him the 200-free bronze medal.



All the swimmers had to perform in the less than inspiring Vallarino complex, set between the bleached hovels and high-rises of Ecuador's largest city. Scores of grim-faced soldiers, bearing automatic rifles, lined the pool and the cement stands. (A military coup was widely rumored to be scheduled for this week.) And the crowds, though proud that Ecuador was hosting the meet, didn't know the first thing about swimming. During most of Schneider's brilliant 400 IM, the only sounds at the pool complex were the swimmers' splashes and a snarling dog on the street outside.

In addition to Schneider's record, Canada's Victor Davis broke the world 200 breaststroke mark and Ricardo Prado of Brazil and Mission Viejo—one of many U.S.-trained foreigners at the meet—established a world record in the 400 individual medley. Cornelia Sirch of East Germany, the nation that led all with 12 gold medals, took more than a second off the world 200 backstroke mark. But going into Saturday night, the Americans' only world record had come in the 400 free relay, in which they'd lowered their own mark from 3:19.74 to 3:19.26. They might have gone faster, but the second and third legs, Robin Leamy and David McCagg, had quincy stomachs from something they'd eaten, and the anchor, Gaines, encountered the largest wave this side of the Rio Guayas. (The pool lacked wave-absorbing drains at its ends.) "I saw it coming at me and I couldn't believe it," said Gaines. "It jerked me right up out of the water. It looked like something from Hawaii."

The divers had faced comparatively minor obstacles. Florida sophomore Megan Neyer swore—though no one else



Gaines shows the agony and ecstasy of competition; he suffers a loss in the 200 free, beams for a record 400 free relay.

did—that the three-meter diving board she competed on wasn't level. "It was like climbing a hill," she said. Nevertheless, Neyer reached the top, winning the title by 11.01 points over Seufert.

Lougans came to the meet with a bad cold. That, however, was nothing compared to his ailments last year. Lougans had dived both springboard and tower for so long—he won a silver medal in platform at the 1976 Olympics, when he was just 16—that he developed an impingement of the rotator cuff in his left shoulder last October.

"It was simple overuse," he says. So he sat out until January, and then one week after returning to competition, dislocated the same shoulder while diving in a dual meet for the University of California at Irvine, where he'll be a senior. "We were at a 12-foot pool against Cal State Northridge," Lougans says. "I didn't realize it was so shallow until I hit bottom." He couldn't raise his arm above his head for about three months and couldn't dive competitively until May. "What I went through was a lot of trauma," he says. His therapy was to throw himself into his



drama studies at Irvine. He was dance captain and one of the lead players in a university production of *Pippin*, and assistant choreographer of another show, *The Gondoliers*.

Lougans' strengths off the springboard are the height of his dives and his sublime grace. On the afternoon of Aug. 2 he was "ripping," too—entering the water with no more splash than the plink of a pebble. "Only God was close to him," Seufert would say later. For his final dive, Lougans selected a front $3\frac{1}{2}$ in the pike position. Its 3.1 degree of difficulty is the highest for any springboard

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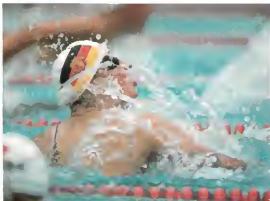


dive. He ripped. Five judges gave him perfect scores of 10.0, while the other two put up 9.5 and 9.0. The numbers were stunning. His total of 92.07 points for the dive was the highest in the history of the sport.

Louganis' next trick came on his fourth dive of Saturday's tower finals. With the spin of an inward 2½ pike, he made seven straight 10.0s appear on the scoreboard. Only Mike Finneran, at the 1972 U.S. Olympic Trials, had ever attained perfection from the platform.

"This one was much closer to a perfect dive," said O'Brien. "Perhaps the only thing that might have been out of line was maybe Greg's fingers." Perhaps. Maybe. "That was one goal I wanted to achieve sometime in my career," Louganis said later. "But it was awfully distracting. I had to get back down fast. Shoot, there were six dives left."

There were indeed, and Kimball was up in third place, right behind Louganis and Vladimir Alekik of the Soviet Union. Kimball had been almost perfectly vertical on every entry. "He's amazing," said Louganis. "He has a cat's sense. He's always on his head."



East Germany's Ute Geweniger hit gold in the 100 breast and 400 medley relay.

Except that recently, Kimball had also been on his back. On last Oct. 18 he was in the front seat of a friend's car, coming home from a party in Ann Arbor, when a van struck the auto head on. Kimball broke his jaw in six places and suffered a crushed right cheekbone, a fractured skull, a ruptured spleen, a lacerated liver, a broken left fibula and torn ligaments in his left knee. Doctors told him he should



have died from the blood loss. He underwent 24 hours of emergency and reconstructive surgery. With his jaw wired shut for 10 weeks, he was kept on a liquid diet and dropped from 140 pounds to 100.

Yet he returned to diving in June and seven weeks later placed second to Louganis at the diving trials in Indianapolis. "From being around my father [University of Michigan Diving Coach Dick

A huge surprise was Canada's Davis, who broke a 6-year-old world 200 breast mark.

Kimball) for so long, I have things pretty well drilled in my head," Kimball explained. And by continuing to land on his head he remained third through eight rounds on Saturday. His ninth dive, a reverse $2\frac{1}{2}$ tuck, drew six 9.0s and a 10.0, but three other divers were still breathing down his neck. Louganis, a close friend for nine years, was almost as concerned with Kimball's performance as with his own. "He's been through so much," Louganis had said earlier. Greg watched with joy as Kimball nailed his final dive—a back $2\frac{1}{2}$ pike, good for three 9.5s and another 10.0—to win the bronze.

visibly shaken. "I won't let it happen again."

"You were good enough to get away with it," O'Brien told Louganis. Neyer and Wyland—O'Brien's star pupils at Mission Viejo—had also been good enough to go away with everything.

All that remained was the final night of swimming, and that was a disaster. Not only did Caultkins finish sixth in the 200-meter backstroke, but butterfly Mary T. Meagher of Louisville, heretofore dominant in the event, lost her first fly race in a 50-meter pool since 1978, placing second to East Germany's Ines



Schneider swam a world-record 400 IM.



One of the few highlights for the U.S. men was Carey's victory in the 200 backstroke.



Linehan was a rare U.S. woman winner.

Geissler in the 200. Not even a world-record swim of 3:40.84 by the U.S. men's 400-meter medley relay team in the closing event could make up for the week's disappointments. Rarely have so many American swimmers left a meet with their heads down. The men's performance (six gold medals, three on relays) had been their worst since the 1960 Olympics. The only individual winners were Steve Lundquist in the 100 breast, Rick Carey in the 200 back and Matt Gribble in the 100 fly. And the women, well, the women had won just two of 14 events: victories by Kim Linehan in the 800 free and Meagher in the 100 fly.

"This won't make it easy for us," said Neyer, speaking for the divers. "It can be harder to play stay-ahead than it is to play catch-up." But playing stay-ahead is a whole lot more fun.

Prado set a world mark in the 400 IM.



Perhaps Louganis was too relieved. On his last dive his concentration lapsed, and he went way over on an inward $3\frac{1}{2}$ tuck. "The first time I've ever seen him miss it," said O'Brien. Louganis needed 43.41 points to finish first ahead of Alekmit. The board showed three 4.5s and nothing higher than a 6.0, but because of the dive's huge degree of difficulty (3.2), Louganis had gotten 48.00 points. He had won by fewer than five.

"That was a new dive. I've just been using it in the last year," said Louganis,



He Can Run, But He Can't Hide

In early August, 1982, Walter Payton, who has just turned 28, sits in the lobby of one of the players' dorms at the Chicago Bears' Lake Forest, Ill. training camp and stretches his legs. He wears dark shorts and a powder-blue T-shirt, which looks almost phosphorescent in the gathering darkness, accentuating his powerful upper body.

The Bears' Walter Payton has trained prodigiously for the new season, but will probably take the same old pounding **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

"I feel," he says, "like an old man."

He doesn't look it. He still flashes the little-boy grin that people noticed right off when he showed up at his first Bear camp in 1975, a rookie barely turned 21. His face is unlined. His movements are quick, he can't sit still for long. He gets

up, paces, taps his green motorcycle, which stands in the middle of the lobby, sits down, gets up again. He talks quickly, in staccato bursts. You get a feeling of electricity. Sparks seem to shoot from him.

But the feeling of encroaching age is

understandable. Payton has carried the ball more than 2,200 times in his seven-year NFL career and almost always everybody in the stadium, especially the people on defense, knew he was going to carry it. The Bears haven't had a passing attack since the days of Rudy Bakich. Payton left Payton right Payton up the middle. Walter Payton carrying the Chicago Bears on his shoulders.

"Not by myself," Payton says. "Nobody can carry a team by himself."

The Bears have also been dimly aware of that fact through the years, of the need to concoct a passing game and join the 20th century to take the pressure off their 5' 10½", 204-pound halfback, who, wondrous as he is, is after all only made of flesh and bone. Now they're at it again with a new coach, Mike Ditka, and a pass-happy quarterback, Jim McMahon, whom they drafted in the first round. But Payton has been down this road before.

It started for him in 1977. That year, his third in the NFL, the Bears hired the legendary Sid Gillman, genius of the passing offense. They traded first- and fourth-round draft choices to Cleveland for veteran Quarterback Mike Phipps and drafted another one, Vince Evans, out of USC. Oh, they were going airborne all right.

Well, the Bears reached the playoffs for the first time in 14 years that season. They reached them because Payton ran for the fourth highest yardage in NFL history (1,852), including a single-game record, 275 against Minnesota. Just as he'd done in 1976, Payton carried the ball more times than the Bears threw it—339 carries for Walter, a league record, 305 passes for the entire Bear team. After the season, the writers asked Walter when he thought he was going to break Jim Brown's all-time career rushing record. What the heck, the kid was only 23 and he was two seasons away from cracking the league's Top 20, lifetime.

"I won't be around long enough," he said. "Five years is plenty in this game."

Payton smiles now when reminded of those words. "Yes, I remember what I said in '77," he says. "I still feel the same way, but the enthusiasm has always been there. I don't mean just to play. I'm talking about the training, the preparation to get yourself ready to take the beating. If that goes, whether it's next year or

after 10 years, well, it's time to get out."

"I think," someone tells him, "you're going to have one of those marathon careers, that after 15 years you'll still be saying the same thing."

"If I thought that would happen," Payton says, flashing his grin, "I'd cut my wrists right now."

Jim Brown's record, once deemed unbreakable, is now within reach. Payton is asked about it every day or so, and his answer is routine. "Right now I just want to get through training camp," a logical ambition for anyone who has gotten a taste of the heavy-contact practices Ditka runs. But Payton doesn't often forget about Brown's career record of 12,312 yards.

"I'm a little less than 400 yards away from 10,000," Payton says, the stands at 9,608, fifth on the all-time list. "I can get it with two 1,400-yard seasons." Which would give him the mark at the end of 1983, the last year of his current three-year contract worth almost \$2 million, richest in pro football.

Jim Finks, the general manager, was asked last year if the dollars weren't a bit extravagant for an organization as conservative as the Bears.

"For another player, maybe," he said. "But Walter's got the skins on the wall."

This year Payton will be playing under his third head coach, Ditka, and his fifth offensive coordinator, Ed Hughes. For the sixth straight season the Bears are talking about constructing a passing game to take the pressure off Payton (in the past four years the Bears have done no better than 26th in the NFL in passing). For the first time since Payton joined the team they devoted a No. 1 draft choice to what is called a "skill" position—runner, catcher or thrower—when they selected BYU Quarterback Jim McMahon. Jimmy Scott, their long-ball receiving threat, is back from a year in Montreal. And Ditka, along with Hughes, with whom he worked in Dallas, has brought in the complexities and multiple formations of the Cowboy system, complete with the unique up-down that the offensive linemen do before the ball

is snapped. Ditka says he will use the shotgun, not only on third down, but also occasionally on first or second, and he won't be afraid to run from it.

His practices have been ferocious. "The most hitting I've seen since high school," says Strong Safety Gary Fencik. Ditka's first morning workout featured full pads and a live, 30-play scrimmage 11 against 11, with more of the same in the afternoon. "I guess it was kind of



Payton never throws in the towel at a workout.

shock therapy to some people," Ditka said last week, "but I wanted to find out right away who my players were. Next week I'll cut out the contact. I'm not a masochist."

He ended his first practice with 10 40-yard sprints. The next day there were 10 70s, then eight 110s. "An arithmetic progression," Fencik said. "I'm glad the field's only 120 yards long, from goalpost to goalpost." At the end of the last 110-yarder, 270-pound Guard Noah

continued

Jackson, his head sagging with exhaustion, turned to the crowd watching the practice and yelled, "See what y'all get for saying, 'Goodby Neil Armstrong!'"

Ditka has reinstated the nutcracker drill, which many coaches shy away from because of its high risk—a defensive lineman going against a blocker, with a ballcarrier behind him. Payton takes his turn in this drill, along with the other running backs. He also blocks, which many of the showcase runners of the past, including Brown, didn't have to do. The first three plays of Ditka's first scrimmage featured three perfect blocks by Payton, three wipe-outs of the linebacker.

As always, the talk is of a more diversified offense to take some of the pressure off Payton, to cut down on the 21 carries per game he's averaged for his NFL career, an output no runner except Houston's Earl Campbell, in three fewer seasons, has ever matched. Payton smiles and nods. How many times has he heard this before? "Whatever I can do to help the team," he says, but he knows that when the weather turns chilly in November and the "must" games come up, he'll get his share of ball carrying. And he prepares in his own way, a preseason workout regimen so brutal that he's burned out everyone who's tried to train with him, a training program built on torture, but one that has made his legs so strong that he has started in 95 consecutive games (he's missed only one game in his entire pro career).

"I developed my training routine going into my senior year at Jackson State," he says. "I found this sandbank by the Pearl River near my hometown, Columbia, Miss. I laid out a course of 65 yards or so. Sixty-five yards on sand is like 120 on turf, but running on sand helps you make your cuts at full speed. If you've got to come under control when you make a cut, the pursuit will catch up to you. In the sand you have to move one leg before the other is planted."

"I'll run it five times, sometimes 10, depending on how many other people are there and how hot it is. I try to pick the heat of the day to run in, but sometimes that sand'll get so hot you can't stand in one place. It'll blister your feet."



Ditka's first practices were like shock therapy.

"Running alone is the toughest. You get to the point where you have to keep pushing yourself. You stop, throw up, and push yourself again. There's no one else around so feel sorry for you."

The Sand is the real workout. Less demanding is The Levee, on the Pearl River near Jackson State. The Levee requires a short sprint up a 45-degree slope.

"I've done it 20 times in a row," he said, "but usually I'll do it in sets of fives. Up one side, down the other, real short, choppy steps that make your thighs burn. I tried to run with other people, but after one or two days it was tough finding anyone. I've trained with Jeff Moore—he played for Seattle—and Ricky Patton of the 49ers and Rod Phillips who was with the Rams and Ben Williams of the Bills and guys from Jackson State. I'd go by the dorms and pick 'em up. On the second day half of them wouldn't get up and after a week I was alone."

Larry Pifers, the 49ers' defensive end, recalls going with Payton to run the stadium steps in Jackson. "It wasn't like Shea Stadium, or one of those places where the steps kind of fall back," he said. "These went straight up. I'd do it

once and I was through. He'd just keep going."

"About 35 minutes on the steps, without stopping," Payton says. "Then a five-minute rest and another half hour. I'd do it until my legs were so tight I couldn't lift 'em. I guess that between May and June I'd run close to 700,000 steps."

The Sand, The Levee, The Stadium—those were Payton's off-season conditioners during his early Bear years. Then one day, a few years ago, he was driving near his home in Arlington Heights, Ill., and he saw it. The Hill. "It was in a place called Buffalo Grove," he said, "about three and a half miles from my home. It's deceiving. From a distance you see it and it doesn't look like much, but standing right next to it, it seems to go straight up."

"It used to be a land-fill area. Packed black dirt. The only way you could get up it is with cleats. You wouldn't make it in regular sneakers. I started running it with Willie McClellon, my teammate on the Bears. He'd do it every other day. I'd do it every day. Mrs. a day or two,

and it's like starting all over again. When we first started, four times up and down and you were ready to pass out. Sometimes some high school kids would come out to run it with us. They'd throw up on the second one. At the end they'd be coming in on all fours."

"The most I ever did was 15 in a row. The hardest workout I ever had was a three-and-a-half-mile run from my house to The Hill, then 10 times up and down, then three and a half miles back home."

There might be faster backs in the NFL than Payton (he ran a 4.3 at Jackson State, and he says he was clocked in 4.5 at the Bears' first mini-camp this year) but it's tough to believe any of them has that kind of power in his legs—except maybe for Campbell, and he's 33 pounds heavier. It's that foundation of strength, laid in by all those torture sessions on The Hill and The Levee, that probably has saved Payton from serious injury. Not that he hasn't been banged up. In '79 he played four games with a nerve injury that made his right arm feel "like a lightning rod from time to time." He played three games with cracked ribs last year, and six games at the end of the season

continued



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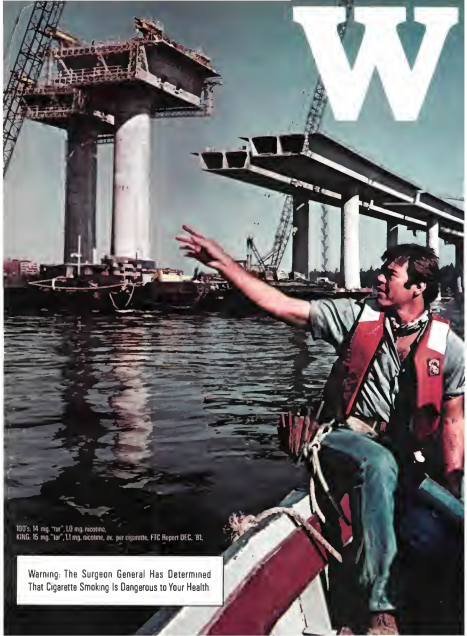
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with a pinched nerve in his shoulder.

"I couldn't raise my hand over my head," he said. "I remember going into the Detroit game, and they threw three or four passes to me and I couldn't get my hand up to catch them." As the offense broke down in '81, as the line and the blocking became shaky and unsettled, Payton began to absorb more and more of a beating. He ran for 1,222 yards, the fewest since his rookie season, and for the first time in five years he didn't win the NFC rushing title.

After the Bears' third game, against Tampa Bay, in which he was held to 64 yards on 21 carries, he made his frustrations public. "It got to the point where there wasn't any place to go," he said. "I attacked the defense. As a result of that, I had guys who were trying to tackle me lying on the ground. I broke my shoulder pads. Look at my helmet." It was badly scarred.

A week later, after a Monday night loss to the Rams (17 carries, 45 yards), Payton was reminded that once he had given his offensive linemen gold watches after a season. "This year I'll give 'em pieces of my body," he said.

Those words are a sore point around the Bears' camp these days, from a period no one cares to be reminded of.

"It's kind of hard, but the blame's got to go somewhere, and who are you going to blame?" said 32-year-old Center Dan Neal. "All of us took a beating out there. I don't know if the problem was so much the players as the whole offensive concept. We weren't running plays to set anything up. We were running them just to run 'em. We'd call something like a tackle-trap pass but we'd never run the tackle trap."

The inevitable questions posed themselves to Payton during that gloomy period: How much can my body take? Is there a bullet with my name on it out there, the one career-ending injury?

"I thought about it last year," he said. "You play hurt, and you can't function fully, then you get more hurt, and you wonder, how much longer can it go on like this? I was depressed when I made those statements last year. You give it all you've got and still lose the game, and you're depressed. I let the linemen know I was depressed. We're still friends. I didn't apologize for the statements, and no one came over to me and apologized.

If people go around apologizing to each other every time something goes wrong, they lose respect.

"The worst game I ever played in was the Washington game last year [five carries, five yards for Payton; another 24-7 loss for the Bears, who were headed for a 6-10 last-place finish in the NFC Central]. I'd get the ball and guys were just sitting in the hole. I tried to stay alive. Everywhere we looked we were getting hit. We couldn't get a thing going. It was the worst day. The worst.

"Next week I looked at the films. Watching them you start wondering how much more your body can take. You're not thinking of years at a point like that, you're thinking of how many more games. You're thinking about that one play where you can't properly protect yourself, that one play everyone dreads.

"I'd see a guy get hit and go off the field, and I'd flinch. I'd ask myself why. It could be fatigue; maybe he wasn't as sharp as he could be. Or maybe he saw something the defense did that made him do something different. Something made him vulnerable.

"I realized that to function the way I have, I've got to keep my body and mind in a position where they'd function together so everything would still be sharp. Improvising and going on my own is part of it, relying on the instincts that have taken me this far. Plus conditioning, never allowing myself to get in that vulnerable position.

"I hear guys saying, 'I can make it another year, another two years.' They don't know that they're just dragging it out. They can't see it, and often those are the people who get hurt. I'll know it. I won't let it happen to me. Never."

So as the Bears proceed into the 1982 season, with their brand-new coach and brand-new offense, the question remains—do they have the tools to take some of the pressure off Payton? There are no new faces on their offensive line, and they've lost an old one—Tackle Ted Albrecht, whose recurring back problems make him questionable for any action at all this year. Ditka recognizes the problem and says he could end

up trading a draft choice, and a high one, for a proven veteran lineman.

McMahon hasn't emerged as a threat to Vince Evans. Early in camp the rookie came up with tendinitis in his right knee, to go with his left one, which was hyperextended in a BYU game last year and now carries a brace. And last week he developed soreness in his throwing arm. Evans admits he still needs to acquire some touch and learn to control his high hard one, but he's a gifted athlete, and he has had some fine moments. With proper coaching, who knows?

And Walter Payton carries on, a blocker, a punisher, a complete football player in the finest of Chicago Bear traditions. As Jim Finks says, he has the skins on the wall.

Don



McMahon now has a brace of sore right limbs.

He Beat The Heat By Catching Fire

Raymond Floyd got comfortable with a record opening-round 63 and kept his cool to win the PGA at sultry Southern Hills **by DAN JENKINS**

It could be written on a wall somewhere: Raymond Floyd says happiness is a double bogey on the last hole to win a major golf tournament by three strokes. That was how the 64th annual PGA Championship ended last Sunday in an August blast furnace known as Tulsa. By then, all that mattered was that Floyd was taking a little more time to get it over with, which meant a few more sweat stains on everybody's clothing. Floyd had actually started ending the tournament on the day it began in 100° heat by fashioning a magnificent 63 on the proud terrain of Southern Hills Country Club, and thus brought forth an old saying from the tour locker rooms. When Fat Raymond starts to strut, you can forget it, baby.

Raymond was in one of those grooves of his at Southern Hills in the last of the

year's Big Four events. When such a thing happens, it's terribly difficult for anyone to catch him on a golf course for two reasons: 1) he's an experienced and talented player, and 2) he's a fierce competitor who has been doubly toughened up by years of big-money gambling. Fat Raymond, who isn't so fat anymore incidentally, knows how to play golf for his own money—and yours. It's well known that he likes a sporting game in practice.

So it was that Floyd followed up his seven-under 63 on Thursday with a one-under 69 on Friday and then a two-under 68 on Saturday, and never did he look more like himself than on Sunday afternoon over most of the back nine after it fleetingly appeared that somebody else—a Greg Norman, a Fred Couples, a Calvin Peete, a Lanny Wadkins, the eventual runner-up—had even a remote chance to overtake him.

Floyd is always aggressive with every club in his bag, and this was when he calmly proceeded to birdie the 12th, 15th and 16th holes to rub out any notion that he was going to let the championship slip away from him.

That he finished weakly was only a mild embarrassment. All the double-bogey 6 cost him was the tournament's 72-hole scoring record. His closing 72 brought him in at 272, one more stroke than Bobby Nichols had taken at the Columbus (Ohio) Country Club back

in 1964. Floyd deserved the record, one had to believe, for he devoured Southern Hills, a course with a reputation for brutality, a narrow old place with rolls to it and evil water beds here and there.

It's true that Floyd and others in the 150-player field caught Southern Hills on a boiling week when the greens were soft enough to hold even the most indifferent iron shot. At frequent intervals the greens had to be watered down, practically to mush, to keep the bent grass from totally disappearing, which it almost did anyhow. Iron shots kept sinking the putting surfaces and going splat. Southern Hills had the smoothest mud anybody had ever putted on. And for the last round the greens were softer still because of an overnight rainstorm, or, as they call it in the Southwest, a "duck-drownin' stump-floater."

O.K., so the dart-throwing, arrow-shooting brand of golf that would be required was going to damage Southern Hills' reputation and take the winner far below par of 280. Somebody had to win, and Floyd knew it had to be him after Thursday's 63, which was merely, by his own description, "the greatest single round I've ever played." He hit only one halfway poor shot that day, and missed several putts within makable range. The round could have produced a number even lower than the 63: Floyd's scorecard showed nine consecutive threes from the 6th through the 14th holes.

After the round, Raymond said to a friend, "My game is in the best shape it's been all year. I'm in control. I know what I can do and what I can't do here. I played well at the British Open, but nobody knows it because I never made a putt. I've had some rest. Somebody is going to have to play very well to beat me now."

As stunning as it was, the 63 lost a bit

The all-important towel wipe was Floyd's best stroke.

of its luster before Thursday ended, for it slowly became clear that Southern Hills' soft greens had disarmed the course. Bob Gilder and Norman each shot a 66, and then 67s went on the board from people like Nick Faldo, Rex Caldwell and Couples, who only birdied the last six holes on the course to do it.

There would be more low rounds the next three days, further deflating the ego of Southern Hills' members, but none of them was posted by Tom Watson or Jack Nicklaus, the two players on whom most of the pre-championship attention was naturally focused. Watson did close with a creditable 68 Sunday and wound up in a tie for ninth, but he was never a factor in Tulsa, where he was expected to make a serious bid to become the first golfer since Ben Hogan in 1953 to win three

majors in one year, having taken the U.S. and British Opens earlier.

Like Watson, Nicklaus played a decent last round, shooting a 67, but this PGA found him in a tie for 16th when it was over. Even an easier Southern Hills remained a mystery to Jack. He wasn't a contender in Tulsa in 1970, when Dave Stockton won the PGA there, or in the 1977 U.S. Open, on the same course, which Hubert Green won.

"I'm not sure I could play well at Southern Hills if it were air-conditioned," said Nicklaus. "I never have." This was largely because he never has driven accurately on the premises.

Driving well was one of the keys to Floyd's victory. Always being in a position to sling something at the pushover greens had given him his three-stroke lead after the first 18, a two-stroke lead over Gilder after 36 and a five-stroke lead over Jay Haas and Norman after 54, with each of Floyd's totals representing a record in PGA Championship scoring.

And it was only after he let a couple of drives slip off line on Sunday that the contest tightened up. Floyd bogeyed the 9th and 10th holes because his tee shots put him in places where he required guides to lead him to the greens. Experience got him bogeys instead of something worse in those circumstances, however, and his lead never shrank to fewer than two strokes.

"That was the only pressure I felt," he said later. "Here I am, a veteran player with a five-shot lead, and I would think from time to time what the headline would look like if I blew it. That's why I'm proud of how I played on the back nine."

How Floyd played was three under par from the 11th through the 17th. He went for the par-five 16th in two, risking calamity, but

came out of the rough and sank a long putt for his birdie. He even missed a short birdie putt on the 17th.

But then came the final hole, a 434-yard par-four that doglegs sharply to the right through a tunnel of trees and requires a long-to-medium iron up the hill to the sprawling clubhouse. Floyd hit a perfect drive. He was confronted with a routine three-iron for his par four, and a tournament record, he claims, didn't enter his mind.

In fact, nothing entered his mind from that point on.

"I don't remember standing over the three-iron," he said. "I lost all concentration." The rather sickly approach shot left him with a wicked lie behind a front bunker, and he gouged this shot into the sand. There was no real drama to this because Floyd isn't a golfer who might have spent 30 more minutes and three or four more blows in the sand. He exploded out and two-putted for his six—and his \$65,000.

The victory did something else for Raymond. It gave him his third major title, since he'd previously won the 1969 PGA in Dayton and the 1976 Masters. The '69 PGA Championship came in the middle of Floyd's first career, when he was known as a swinging, high-stakes-gambling bachelor whose reputation with the ladies was widespread and well deserved. At one point he even tried his hand at playing guitar in nightclubs, but his strumming was never as good as his putting. Floyd set out on his second career about 10 years ago, when he met his wife, Maria. Now, at 39, he's a family man, with three children and a sumptuous home in Miami, who likes to work on his golf game. And his talent and confidence have never been greater.

Three majors put Floyd in another, more socially acceptable group in the sport. Of your active major championship collectors, only Jack Nicklaus (19), Gary Player (9), Tom Watson (7) and Lee Trevino (5) are several history pages ahead of everyone else, if you define everyone else as those with only two. All those Johnny Millers, Jerry Pases, Craig Stadlers, Lanny Wadkemes, Severiano Ballesteroses, etc. Floyd was in that category until last week, but Fat Raymond struts with three majors now.

END



Even at Fahrenheit 100 Floyd displayed his finest form.

The Might Of Dwight, A Saad End

Dwight Braxton battered Matthew Saad Muhammad at will in their WBC light heavyweight rematch

by **WILLIAM NACK**

For weeks, Matthew Saad Muhammad had been assuring those who would listen that he had lost nothing in all the wars he had fought the last few years and that he would surely regain from Dwight Braxton the WBC light heavyweight title he had lost last Dec. 19. The stumpy ex-con from Camden, N.J. had pounded him remorselessly that day, finally knocking him out in the 10th round. But last Saturday night's war in Philadelphia's Spectrum was one too many for Saad Muham-

mad, as was painfully obvious from the first round to the sixth, when the end came, although it actually had come on that distressing December afternoon.

Braxton won every round on all three cards last week, staggered Saad Muhammad several times, bloodying his nose in the second round and then knocking him down in the third. In the sixth, Braxton jumped on him again. A left-right combination drove Saad Muhammad into the

Though only 5' 6½", Braxton had no trouble closing with and pasting Saad Muhammad.



ropes, where he tried to cover, but the unrelenting Braxton unleashed punches in great fearful volleys, hooks and straight right hands.

Saad Muhammad lurched along the ropes. Braxton pursued. He buried a hook and a right to the body, then came up with a jarring left and right to the head. Saad Muhammad reeled. Another left and right drove him back, and still another sent him toppling against the ropes in Braxton's corner. Braxton pummeled him again, his short arms pumping like pistons. The suffering challenger tried to protect his head, but Braxton was in front of him and crashing punches home until referee Carlos Padilla mercifully waved him away at 1:23 of the round. He could have stopped it in the first round, for all that it mattered.

"The man beat me this time," Saad Muhammad said softly in his dressing room. "I can't take anything away from this man. He proved to everyone that he's the best."

Only 6,781 people showed up in the 19,000-seat Spectrum to witness "The Liberty Brawl" between Philly's own Saad Muhammad and the 5'6½" champion from across the Delaware River. One of the intriguing aspects of the fight was the prospect of learning whether December's bout had been truly indicative of the fighters' merits, and, if so, whether Saad Muhammad was shoe.

The prevailing suspicion was that he was and that Braxton had caught him on the fade. Saad Muhammad turned 28 on Aug. 5, two days before the fight, and Braxton is 29, but Saad Muhammad had had too many brutal fights against the toughest guys in his division, including Eddie Gregory (now Eddie Mustafa Muhammad), Yaqui Lopez and Marvin Johnson, and they had taken their toll. He had held the title for almost three years and had defended it successfully eight times. As he faced Braxton last week, his record was 32 wins—24 by knockout—four defeats and two draws. Braxton had never fought as an amateur (he began boxing seriously while spend-

ing 5½ years, 1972-78, in various New Jersey prisons for armed robbery) and had had only 19 pro fights, winning 17, 10 by knockout, while losing one and drawing one.

Saad Muhammad clung to the assertion that his loss to Braxton last December wasn't a fair test because, he said, he had taken the fight too lightly and wasn't prepared to do his best. In fact, on the day he fought Braxton, Saad Muhammad claimed he weighed 181 pounds, six over the light heavyweight limit, and had to shed the excess in only four hours—or forfeit the title.

After that fight, Saad Muhammad fired Sam Solomon, his trainer for 22 months, and hired Steve Traitz of Norristown, Pa. to conjure up a way to defend against Braxton, who is aptly nicknamed the "Camden Buzzsaw." It appeared to work in an April 17 tune-up with Pete McIntyre, which Saad Muhammad won easily. But last Saturday night it was evident from the first bell that Braxton would again cut the 5'11½" ex-champ down to size.

Braxton controlled the fight's direction and totally manhandled Saad Muhammad. In short, it was a mismatch.

Saad Muhammad had no reflexes, no timing, and while he came out jabbing in the first round—Traitz's brainspasm—Braxton had no trouble making a target of his head.

Braxton jolted Saad Muhammad with a hard right in the opening moments, and then laughed at him contemptuously. At the close of the round, Braxton slammed Saad Muhammad into a corner with a hook, and hurt him once more as he banged him along the ropes. Saad Muhammad was in trouble again in the second; he was throwing nothing off the jab, and was unable to defend against Braxton's sudden, impulsive attacks. Now Braxton bent Saad Muhammad against the ropes with a left and right, and then pounded him inside, first to the belly, then the head. "If I catch a guy on the ropes I'll beat him," Braxton would say after the bout. "I'm not going to let him go."

Occasionally, Braxton, whose trunks were longer and more fully cut than even those of former light heavyweight champion Archie Moore in his prime, stuck out his tongue at his opponent, which made for a ridiculous sight, but mostly he was a picture of fury. After Braxton

continued



A left hand sent Saad Muhammad skidding backward and matward in the third round.

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bloodied Saad Muhammad's nose in the third round, he mashed him off the ropes, dislodging his mouthpiece during one violent sequence of punches, and then caught him with a volley that had the former champion skidding back on his heels as he fell to the canvas.

"Move! Move!" Saad Muhammad's corner shouted, and the partisan crowd echoed the appeal. But where? Wherever he went, Braxton was there. By the fourth, Saad Muhammad's corner was working frantically to stop the nosebleed, but at the first exchange of punches in the round the blood would flow anew. Covering up with his hands was futile. "Uppercuts get through the peek-a-boo," says Quenzell McCall, one of Braxton's trainers.

Braxton staggered Saad Muhammad again late in the fourth with two hooks that backed him into the ropes. Then a blazing combination of lefts and rights left him helpless in his own corner. "He was strong," Braxton would say after the fight. "He was gone three times tonight, out on his feet."

Looking a bit tired himself, Braxton slowed the pace in the fifth round, but he hurt Saad Muhammad with another barrage, though he didn't follow up. Saad Muhammad came back with jabs and right hands and began to work the hook, but Braxton never appeared to be in any trouble. "I did rest in the fifth," he said. "He wouldn't go down. So I stepped back to see what he had for me. He hit me, but he didn't hurt me. He moved more the last time we fought. He was sharper then."

Braxton, who had spent much of the prefight week denigrating Saad Muhammad, was kinder afterward. "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," Braxton said of his younger victim's defensive strategy. "He had nothing new. He was just there. The referee should have stopped it sooner. He was out on his feet a few times. ... I agree, I think he should retire."

"I've always been an underdog. That's the story of my life. But in the end, I win them over."

Now Braxton contemplates fighting WBA champion Michael Spinks in a unification bout later this year. "Some big paydays, that's what I want," says Braxton, who calls himself like "The unification fight is coming very soon. Then it will be Mike and I."

END



Saad Muhammad found the right combination in the fifth round.



... but in the sixth, Braxton was back on the attack, winning by a TKO at 1:23.

When the Mariners have to find the missing hits, get the final outs, or track down Mr. Jell-O, they know whom to summon: Reliever Bill Caudill
by E.M. SWIFT

A mighty peculiar vehicle—a boat on wheels—is tooting about outside the Kingdome, and it begins to attract a crowd. No, it isn't a tugboat, someone explains, it's a fireboat, modeled after a vessel that still fights fires in Seattle's harbor. Seated on the bow, port and starboard, are Mariner relief pitchers Bill Caudill (pronounced "coddle"), 26, and Larry Andersen, 29. Since it's a half hour before game time, the two are in uniform. Caudill is the one with the life ring around his neck that reads RELIEF and the double-billed Sherlock Holmes-style baseball cap on his head. Both are holding pennants and programs. "Get your World Series tickets here!" they yell. "Step right up! Buy a program! Find out if this is really Julio Cruz!"

"Who are they?" one fan asks a friend. "One of them's Caudill." A roll of the eyes. That explains it. The infamous Inspector, Cuffs.

The fireboat's bell rings—CLANG!—and Caudill winces at the noise. "It's still morning," he says to the boat's captain. "That's not really necessary, is it? Day games. . . ." he moans.

"World Series tickets!"

"Inspector," says a middle-aged man, "bring us a World Series, will you?"

"Only if you buy a pennant."

The man buys a pennant. Business is brisk. Before a game a few weeks ago, Caudill and Andersen sold \$500 worth of Mariners merchandise in 40 minutes, not a cent of which they kept. "The Inspector's the best thing to happen to Seattle since Boeing and the rain," says Craig Barrick, director of operations at the Kingdome. "For the first time, people here are actually talking baseball."

Talking baseball in Seattle isn't like talking baseball in, say, New York. Remember, this is the place where Funny

Nose Glasses Night outdrew Gaylord Perry's 300th win by some 9,000 fans. Which makes it Caudill's type of town. In addition to his repertoire of pitches, Caudill possesses a genuine customs inspector's badge, a pair of handcuffs, two pink panthers, a calabash pipe, a Sherlock Holmes hat, two magnifying glasses, a Beldar the Conehead mask and, some Mariners suspect, several dozen packages of Jell-O. "I've had players on my teams as goofy as Caudill," says Seattle Manager Rene Lachemann, "as outgoing . . . ? No, outgoing isn't the word, goofy's the word, but none that were also as important to the team."

Important's not the word, either. Essential is. Billy Martin's All-Star selections notwithstanding, Caudill—a/k/a Cuffs, a/k/a the Inspector—is statistically the top relief pitcher in the American League this year with a better ERA and winning percentage, fewer hits allowed per inning, and more saves per opportunity than All-Stars Rich Gossage, Mark Clear, Rollie Fingers and Dan Quisenberry. Caudill is the primary reason the Mariners are involved in their first pennant race in their sorry six-year (344–521) history. He leads the Mariners with a 10–4 record and a club-record 19 saves. In fact, the entire Seattle bullpen, which tops the league in appearances with 209, has been sensational. The Mariners are 23–16 in one-run games, and 43–11 in games in which they have been tied or ahead entering the seventh inning. Caudill is the short man; he has made only two appearances before the eighth inning since April 21. Nearly as effective as Caudill have been the middle men, lefty Ed Vande Berg (53 appearances, 2.41 ERA) and righthander Mike Stanton (44 appearances, 2.48 ERA), who have the job of holding things in line until



Need Help? Call The Inspector



Caudill comes in. "Every team has to start somewhere," Caudill says, "and the Mariners started with a great bullpen—the best in baseball, I think. Hey, we're not that far out. We're for real."

In the second half of last season, Mariner relievers entered games with 127 runners on base and allowed 50 to score—39%. This year they've come into games with 254 men on base, and only 52 have scored. That's 20%. Caudill is the man Lachemann usually calls on to get the final outs, the way the Yankees use Gossage. "He gets the saves and the publicity," says Lachemann, "but he lets the rest of the relievers know that he needs them before he can get in there. They know he means it, too, because Coffs filled the same role for Bruce Sutter when he was with the Cubs."

Ah, those Cubbies. Last April Fool's Day, the Cubs traded Caudill to the Yankees to complete a deal made last summer. Exactly 22 minutes later the Yankees sent Caudill along with Outfielder Bobby Brown and Pitcher Gene Nelson to the Mariners for Reliever Shane Rawley. It was a deal George Steinbrenner later called "The worst we've made this year." For their part, the Cubs still maintain it was a swell trade. "Success in baseball is not a half-a-year thing or a one-year thing," says Cub General Manager Dallas Green. "It develops over a period of years, and Bill didn't have good years with the Cubs."

Adds Cub Manager Lee Elliott: "Caudill had a good arm. But I found out that he couldn't put his body down at night. History had shown here that he couldn't adapt to day games."

History has shown that the Chicago Cubs cannot adapt to day games—they are 37 years between pennants, and counting. So Caudill is a right person, what of it? "Show me a Chicago Cub without sacks under his eyes," says Caudill, "and I'll show you a Cub who's only been with the team two weeks."

The Chicago experience was a bitter
continued



Como relief is another part of Caudill's game: hawking pennants on a "fireboat" with Larry Anderson, locking up Gaylord Perry and "Conehead" Andersen, and putting a hitless bat out of its misery.



one for Caudill, and taped to his refrigerator in Bellevue. Wash, is a clipping from the Chicago Sun-Times proclaiming him ex-Chicago player of the first half of 1982—nipping out such luminaries as Andre Thornton, Steve Renko, Larry Gura, Geoff Zahn and Pete Vuckovich. In 1979, his rookie year, Caudill was 1-7 with the Cubbies, but he showed his promise on the next-to-last day of the season. In a nationally televised game, he kept the Pirates from clinching the pennant by pitching 3½ innings of scoreless relief, winning in the 13th inning. Twice he struck out Willie Stargell, that year's MVP, thereby stranding a total of four men. Afterward Stargell predicted a great future for Caudill, and it seemed that his future arrived in 1980. That season Caudill had a 2.18 ERA and allowed only 100 hits in 128 innings, while striking out 112. It was Satter, however, the finisher, who picked up the saves. He had 28 to Caudill's one. "I thought it was an honor to have my name before his in the box scores," Caudill says now. "You have to pay your dues."

In 1981, Caudill practically went bankrupt. "I had started the 1980 season weighing 195, but I reported for camp in 1981 at 175 and lost two feet off my fastball," he says. The weight loss was well-intentioned, but it left him weak. The result was a 1-5 record and a 5.83 ERA. He very nearly quit baseball. "I pitched a game against San Francisco last August and gave up two home runs in an inning," Caudill says. "Joey Amalfitano came out and said 'Give me that ball' and some other things I won't repeat. I went in and started packing my bags. I packed for an hour, I put the same pair of shoes in and out six times. 'I can't quit baseball' (shoes out). 'I've got to' (shoes in). 'I can't.' 'Yes I can...' I was a scared puppy. Finally Dick Tidrow came in and talked me out of it."

"I wouldn't go that far," Tidrow said recently. "I encouraged him to learn from the experience. He either learned, got healthy, or both—because when he came to camp this year he was throwing as well as he had in 1980."

Caudill spent last winter pitching in Venezuela, and when he reported to spring training this year, his weight was back up to a comfortable 202. "Dallas Green told me if I pitched decently, I'd go north with the club," says Caudill. "My first time out I gave up five runs, but

continued

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Who else can Lachemann want but Cuffs?

THE INSPECTOR *continued*

after that I threw 16½ scoreless innings. I guess that wasn't decent." Just before the Cubs broke camp, Green told Caudill that he wouldn't be going to Chicago after all, and shortly thereafter Caudill was a Mariner.

Caudill's only direct link to the Mariners at that time was Bob Harrison, Seattle's superscout. In 1974, Harrison, then working for the Cardinals, signed Caudill to his first contract after Caudill graduated from Aviation High School in Redondo Beach, Calif. Eight years later, Harrison still vouched for Caudill's arm. For

his part, Lachemann had seen Caudill pitch winter ball in Puerto Rico a few years back and recalled that televised game in which he threw the ball right past Stargell. "I needed a guy we could call on to get a strikeout," says Lachemann, "especially in the Kingdom with its short porches and fast infield."

Caudill proved his worth during two games in the Kingdom July 7 and 8. The first night, the Orioles and Mariners were tied 7-7 when Caudill came on in the ninth inning with a man on first, none out. He struck out Ken Singleton, Cal Ripken and John Lowenstein, and eventually got the win. The next night he again entered the game in the ninth, this time with the Mariners leading 4-3, an Oriole on first, none out. The first batter, Rich Dauer, sacrificed the runner to second, bringing up Singleton and Eddie Murray. "If I'm Baltimore," says Richie Zisk, the Mariners' designated hitter, "those are the two guys I want hitting." Caudill struck them out on six pitches. "That's when I thought we had someone special in Cuffs," says Zisk. "Now I just take him for granted."

Caudill throws three different fastballs—one that runs in, one that runs out and one that rises, starting at the waist and ending up somewhere around the chin. "When he's got his good velocity, there are maybe 10 hitters in the big leagues that can hit that high one," says Mariner Catcher Rick Sweet.

"He's had as awesome a first half as I've seen by any pitcher," says Seattle Starter Jim Beattie. "The few times that he's gotten hit hard it hasn't bothered him. He knows he'll do the job the next day."

One such instance came in a recent game against the Yankees, when Caudill relieved Vande Berg with Seattle holding a 5-1 eighth-inning lead. After John Mayberry hit a run-scoring single, Graig Nettles hit a three-run homer to tie the game, but Seattle—and Caudill—went on to win in the ninth, 6-5. "Hey, even Betty Crocker burns a cake once in a while," the unflappable Caudill told Beattie, who had started the game. The next night Caudill came back and pitched 4½ innings of one-hit ball—his longest stint of the season—

to beat the Yankees 6-5 yet again.

"The attitude under Lachemann is 'Have fun, enjoy the game, and win,'" says Caudill. "In Chicago it was 'Win first, then you can have some fun.' As Gaylord Perry says, 'You've got to get people relaxed so that they can win.'"

Caudill was dubbed the Inspector after the Mariners went 2-7 on their first road trip. "It could have been 7-2 if we'd had some timely hitting," said Caudill. So when the team returned to the Kingdom, Caudill put on his Sherlock Holmes cap and inspected the bat rack for the missing hits. He would pull out a bat, check its grain, feel its balance, thump it like a watermelon, then throw it away. Inspector Clouseau, they called him. The name stuck, and pretty soon fans were sending him magnifying glasses. When Caudill strode in from the bullpen, the organist played *The Pink Panther Theme*. Da-dum-da-dum.... The fans loved it. By Seattle standards, they went absolutely wild. *Strike One*... (da-dum-da-dum)... *Strike Two*... (da-dum-da-dum)... *Strike Three!*... (wild applause and the rest of the song). It was the first time anyone could remember Seattleites reacting in such a manner for a pitcher. Recently, Kingdom fans were even heard to boo an umpire's call when the Inspector walked a batter. "Seattle fans never boo anything," says Diana Bowser, Caudill's fiancée.

Caudill earned his other nickname—Cuffs—in Cleveland, during the second road trip. Caudill had closed the bar at the team hotel and was hanging around the lobby at 2:30 a.m., when two hotel security guards ordered him to his room. The guards put Caudill on an elevator three times, and three times Caudill came back down to the lobby. The third time, one of the guards slapped a pair of handcuffs on him. "The guy wanted to take me downtown, but Lach talked him out of it," Caudill says, grinning.

To commemorate the incident, Zisk bought the Inspector his very own set of handcuffs. Since then players and clubhouse personnel have found themselves handcuffed in bizarre locations for a variety of offenses. The most recent victim was Lachemann's 13-year-old son, Britt, who wound up handcuffed to a Nautilus machine in the pitch dark after calling Caudill "Blumpy." (Britt eventually picked the lock with a paper clip.) "I've never been around someone as vindictive

continued



Message to Martin: Caudill is the AL's top reliever.



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as Caudill," says Zisk, who had his shoes stolen on a recent team charter and was reduced to driving home in his socking feet. "No one's really safe when he gets into one of his tantrums. He's a very unpredictable and unstable individual."

In June, during a rain delay in Detroit, Caudill pranced onto the field wearing Andersen's Conchead mask and Gaylord Perry's jersey with a pillow stuffed into it and did his Perry impression—wiping grease from behind the ears and the eyebrows of the Conchead mask. For a while, Caudill thought it was hilarious, until "Next thing I knew this big body was tackling me, then wringing my neck, saying, 'I'm going to kill you, sucker.'"

"Gaylord, Gaylord! It was just a joke!" One day Perry and Caudill collaborated to steal the keys to the fireboat, which was originally intended to carry Mariner relief pitchers to the mound. "I'll be damned if anybody's going to come in and pitch for me riding a tugboat," said Perry. He instituted a \$100 fine for any reliever who rode in. No one did. Later, the two pitchers tried to sink the U.S.S. Mariner, a ship that rises from behind the centerfield wall to fire a cannon whenever a Mariner hits a home run, but Caudill couldn't locate any fuses. "I think she's unsinkable," he reported.

"Most of your relief pitchers are on the carefree side," says Bullpen Coach Bill Plummer, a former Cincinnati Red. "Pedro Borbon was a flake. Will McNaney. Cuffs is like that. I'll tell you, if you ever sit out there, bring a raincoat."

Caudill learned water prinks from Tidrow, who would put pinholes in paper cups in the Cubs' dugout. "Guys would take a drink and wonder how they got soaked," says Caudill. Once this season he cut the bottoms out of two paper cups, held them to his eyes, gazed at the sky and muttered, "Weird . . . wow . . . far out. Vandy, you've got to try this," he told Vande Berg. When Vande Berg looked skyward through the cups, Caudill dumped in two cupfuls of water. "Some guys are so easy to sucker it takes the fun out of it," says Caudill.

On May 30, the Mariners trailed Boston 1-0 in the bottom of the ninth, when



The Inspector and The Pink Panther solve yet another case.

Caudill and Andersen decided it was time to invent Rally Caps. They turned their hats inside out, and the Mariners promptly scored two runs to win. The next night the cap trick worked again, against the Brewers. "We're 8-3 so far with the Rally Caps," says Caudill. "If Lach sees we have them on, he's not allowed to bunt. Strange things began to happen to batted balls."

The truth is, strange things have been happening to Lachemann ever since Caudill joined the Mariners—stranger even than winning games. Once in Chicago, Lachemann returned to his hotel suite after a night on the town to find—egads! Mr. Jell-O had struck! All the light bulbs had been unscrewed, the furniture was crammed into the bathrooms, and the telephone transmitter had been removed so that when Lachemann called Zisk, his first suspect, his accusation went unheard.

"O.K. I know it was you or [Tom] Paciorek."

"Who's calling at this hour of the morning?"

"It's Lach . . ."

"Who is this?"

(Click.)

When Lachemann finally cleared the bathroom, he couldn't use the john because it had been filled with Jell-O. Eventually, Caudill became Lachemann's prime suspect, but Duane—Caudill's fiancée—provided an airtight alibi. Caudill, she said, was with her at their

friend Howard Fagenholtz's house. Lachemann posted a \$250 reward for information leading to the apprehension of Mr. Jell-O and offered the Inspector a paid weekend for two to Arizona if he'd help solve the case. Caudill refused, and went so far as to bet Lachemann \$100 that he wouldn't uncover the perpetrator before Aug. 14. "I don't think he knows who did it," says Lachemann. "He claims that he knows a lot of things just because his name's the Inspector."

Since that episode, Lachemann has been inundated by Jell-O. Bowls of it have been delivered to his hotel rooms. Stewardesses offer it with his meals. He has found it in his cans of beer. A set of incriminating Jell-O-gate tapes even surfaced

tabbing former Mariner Paciorek, now with the White Sox, as the culprit—and then were mysteriously erased. The other week in Baltimore Lachemann's favorite tennis shoes were stolen, and before the next day's game he smelled burning rubber coming from the clubhouse. He ran back to find Caudill and Andersen scurrying away from a smoldering pair of tennis shoes—not Lachemann's—they had torched to antagonize him. Says Lachemann, "Caudill's got my shoes, and I'll promise you—they'll turn up one day in a bowl of Jell-O." (He's right.)

Says Caudill "The only word in pranksterism is originality. I want to pull pranks that people will talk about for 10 or 12 years. There's only one time that the looseness ends, and that's when they say, 'Caudill, start throwing.' You've got to smile even if you lose. I can see baseball running my sundown, but I can't see it running my sunup. Every day's a new one in this game."

To remind himself of that fact, Caudill keeps his old Cubs hat in his locker. "Just so if I ever get downed, I'll remember that things aren't as bad as they could be," he says. "I remember that day I almost quit. Tidrow told me, 'Baseball isn't just an escape, it's reality.'"

"He said to me—we were there four, five hours after the game—'If you're a man, and you're my friend, you'll show me how good you can be.'"

Case closed

END



In New Jersey Rossi (15) sparked but he didn't score

that World Cup victory had been paramount.

He had come close to scoring that goal half a dozen times in the game. Once, a shot of his cannoned off the inside of the post, hit the underside of the crossbar—and bounced away. Now, with but six minutes left and the score tied 2-2, he headed from close in, but every Italian heart sank when Goliathier Thomas N'Kono acrobatically tipped the ball over the bar. Those hearts rose again when Rossi's countryman Giancarlo Antognoni, scored with two minutes to play to give the Europeans a 3-2 victory. But it wasn't quite the same as if Rossi had done it. On the unfamiliar AstroTurf, which Rossi later confessed to loathing, he wasn't to score. Still, he had tried valiantly to repay his followers for their welcome, which the night before had been powerful enough to engage the attention of the

by Clive Gammon

Prato a little on the draf side unless you had been in the Piazza del Comune two weeks ago, jammed in the crowd on the steps outside the Municipal Hall. There, trumpeters gaudy in scarlet and blue trappings blew fanfares to this slight young man of 25 who wore a daffodil shirt and smiled and gave his townsfolk the predictable, warming words they wished to hear, that the glory was theirs, too, that all of them had been at his side in Spain. "Paol-e! Paol-o!" they chanted and then sang, *Scendiamo nati in piazza* ("Let's all head for the town square"), a ditty composed for the occasion by a Bolognese fan. Meantime Rossi was close to drowning in a flood of kids and was saved only by several policemen, who naturally wanted autographs for themselves.

The most tenacious of autograph hunters would have had a hard time getting near the star during the previous 24 hours. Rossi and Simonetta had returned from France the day before the reception and, as everyone well knew, were holed up in his parents' two-story row house. His mother, Amelia, slight as her son, held off all comers. Indeed, while paparazzi lurked and newsmen vied to rent the telephones of neighbors to file their stories, she played a better defensive game against them than the Brazilians had against Paolo.

Amelia had never wanted her son to play professionally. Back in September 1972 when he was 16 and the famous Italian club, Juventus of Turin, wanted him to join its youth squad at its Alpine training ground, she had urged him to continue his accounting studies. But the combined efforts of Rossi and his father, Vittorio, had won out, and now she answered the door with unreplicable courtesy and steely resolution. He was out to lunch, she maintained, and who could tell when he would return?

If Rossi himself was unavailable, down the road, at the headquarters of the Ambrosiana soccer club, four members of the committee that runs the organization explained how they had always known they had a prodigy on their hands. There, on Ambrosiana's thinly grassed, concrete-hard pitch, a treasured scrapbook

Coming up roses for Rossi

Amid extraordinary adulation, World Cup star Paolo Rossi visited the U.S.

Last Saturday night at Giants Stadium in the New Jersey Meadowlands, the constellation so devoutly wished by almost all of the sellout crowd of 76,891 came agonizingly close. The occasion was no more than an exhibition soccer game—star-bedazzled, to be sure, with most of the great names from last month's World Cup teams—but an exhibition nonetheless. For the multitude in attendance with claim to Italian blood, though, the game, which matched the European All-Stars against the Rest of the World All-Stars, was nothing less than a chance to celebrate Italy's new world championship. As an apothecosis, the fans longed for a goal from the champion's champion himself, Paolo Rossi, the deadly striker whose contribution to

New York City police when 1,500 fans besieged his Manhattan hotel.

For more than a week before he stepped off a Concorde at Kennedy Airport last Friday morning, Rossi's life had been one drawn out, impassioned welcome home. However, immediately after the clamor and the joy in Madrid on the night of July 11, when, with the rest of the triumphant Italian team, he had held high the World Cup, Rossi had slipped away to Cannes on the French Riviera for a 2½-week vacation with his wife, Simonetta, who is five months pregnant with their first child. Impatiently, his country had awaited his return home.

Home is Prato, a textile manufacturing city of 160,000 inhabitants, 10 miles northwest of Florence. You might think

was displayed. One page had a yellowing press clipping of Rossi in uniform at 14. On another page, carefully posted in, was his original league registration card. "He was *ragazzo serio*, a very serious boy," said Monvagner Danilo Aiazzi, the local priest who's president of Ambrosiana. "Sport was a mission for him." Aiazzi paused and dutifully added, "But he never let his Christian faith fall behind." The smile on the registration card is the same sweet one that can still bowl over most mothers of Italy, the one that his detractors say he cynically assumes as a public-relations gesture.

In any case, when the town engulfed him at the piazza, that flashing grin emphasized his boyishness. At 5' 8", 146 pounds he was frail-looking and hollow-checked. This was Italy's chief sharpshooter, who had taken the esteemed Brazilians apart with a hot trick, who had scored the two goals that put Poland out of the semifinals, who had made a second-half goal that broke the deadlock against West Germany in the final, who, suddenly, is the best-known athlete in the world? This was the man whose disgrace-to-triumph story would sound absurdly melodramatic in a boy's adventure tale?

After just three days in Prato,

Aiazzi used to get a kick out of the young Rossi, who received a tumultuous welcome on his return home.

Rossi joined his Juventus teammates for pre-season training. These days Rossi can find few moments for reflection. But in the restaurant of a small hotel outside Turin he could recollect, almost tranquilly, the extraordinary reversal of his fortunes. Like the rest of the Italian team, he had had a miserable first round in the World Cup. Against Peru, Coach Enzo Bearzot had pulled him off after the first half. "My stomach was sick," said Rossi, "and I'd scarcely played in two years. In my legs, in my eyes, there was no rhythm." Also, he pointed out, he had to contend with the gadfly Italian press. "I

was not indifferent to this," he said. "I was affected by bad opinions. But I was stubborn. I held on. And then, against Brazil, I got the goal that unlocked me." According to Edinho, the Brazilian defender who arrived in Italy last week to play a season with Udinese, an influenza epidemic is now raging in Brazil. "It lays people suddenly flat," says Edinho. "We call it Rossi flu."

Indeed, the special talent of Rossi is his suddenness, his ability to penetrate packed defenses, to administer the last killing thrust. Very few soccer players are as quick as he, perhaps only Karl-Heinz Rummenigge of West Germany and Diego Maradona of Argentina. In describing his talent, Rossi spoke of his "velocity, movement, execution." He befuddles opponents with abrupt, unexpected bursts of speed, perfect positioning (to defenders a kind of disappearing act) and the accuracy and power of his shot.

Each master striker, of course, has a distinctive style. "I don't have the physical power of Karl-Heinz and some others," he said. "I interpret my role in my own way." That is modest obscantism. Rossi must be aware of his shattering speed on the turn, his opportunism, his ability to anticipate the ball's movement when it's moving fast and eccentrically.

As Rossi spoke in the restaurant, queuing faces began appearing in the dining room doorway. The Italian soccer fan is arguably the most rabid sports-follower in the world. He is known, colloquially, as a *tifoso*, which has the same root as typhus, as in fever. Once Rossi had made his first public appearance in Prato, there would be little escape from the fevered ones. When he was glimpsed at the Comunale Stadium in Turin, where he met his Juventus teammates, the surge of the some 5,000 *tifosi* who had gathered to welcome him almost broke the steel barriers. Sweating, desperate cops had their hands on sidearms before he was spirited to offices inside the stadium.

The fans hung in, though. They knew that the team has soon would take Juventus, probably the strongest soccer club in the world, with six world cham-

continued



ption *Azzurri* on the side, to its country running grounds in Villar Perosa, 5,000 feet up in the Alps. The bus, it turned out, was driven by a fan, a cabdriver named Pippo Lucchini who provided his services free in exchange for spending his vacation with his idols. A hunking cartoon of cars, scooters and vans followed close behind the bus as it headed up the mountains, causing monumental traffic jams in tiny Villar Perosa. That evening, 2,000 of the hardest *tifosi* watched with intense concentration and some applause as the players jogged and went through light calisthenics.

The fans were there the next morning also, some changing into running shoes to accompany the team on a mountain trot. More piled into cars and greeted the players at the end of their run. The auto contingent included eight plainclothesmen who had been assigned to anticipate anything from a traffic accident to a kidnapping of Rossi by the Red Brigades.



Most fans were upset on learning that Rossi and four other Juventus players would leave in a few days for New York City. Neither the *tifosi* nor Juventus Coach Gaetano Trapattini liked the idea that the players would miss part of preseason training.

It had been said that Rossi would be difficult to approach, that he was shying from the strong whiff of hypocrisy he now detected in the fulsome praises of both the fans and the Italian press. *Pettegolezzo* was a word he fired at the latter more than once last week. He used it to refer to the snide gossip, the malicious denigration he had suffered until his last trick against Brazil. In the first round of the World Cup, a section of the Italian press corps had suggested that the \$60,000 (in fact \$15,000) each team member would receive should Italy advance to Round 2 would be better spent on the country's poor and infirm.

That slur led to the *Silenziu Stampa*, the refusal of the Italian players to speak to their own press until after the World Cup final. The Italian media were even harder on Rossi himself. At their hotel near Vigo in northern Spain, he roomed with teammate Antonio Cabrini. Although he later claimed he was joking, the correspondent of Milan's *Il Corriere* wrote that Rossi and Cabrini lived "like man and wife."

"I had no arms to defend myself," said Rossi in Turin, "except to uphold a *silenziu*. They went beyond bounds. Some behaved well, but it was impossible to discriminate. So we all shut up." He laughed wryly. "It worked well, because we won. If things had gone badly..." Clearly Rossi didn't wish to think of what would have been written had Italy lost.

Rossi has had to contend with much worse than a frivolous accusation in *Il Corriere*. During his first two years with Juventus, he had three knee operations, and the team cut him. Fortunately for the club, however, it still retained rights to him. "I went through moments," said Rossi, "when I thought I



A 'zik in New Jersey had a message to go

couldn't go on. But I am stubborn.

He kept on playing for second-division sides. Then in 1977-78 he scored 24 goals to become the Italian League's top striker, and the next year made the national squad that went to Argentina for the World Cup. He was the star of the team that reached the final stages of the competition, and he returned home in glory with the sobriquet "Pablino."

That glory was forfeited, as it turned out, in the lobby of a hotel in Vietri sul Mare near Salerno on Dec. 29, 1979, the day before a game in which Perugia, a team to which Rossi was on loan, would meet Avellino. In the lobby he was playing *tombola* to form of bingo with his teammates. One of them told him that a fan wished to have a word with him. Soares diverge at this point, but all agree that the so-called fan was the notorious gambler Massimo Craxium, a 32-year-old fruit dealer from Rome.

Even in the worst scenario, Rossi is accused of no more than foolishness. Craxium reportedly proposed to Rossi that he score two goals against Avellino on chances that would be provided. Money wasn't offered, just the opportunity to improve his statistics. Naïvely, Rossi agreed. The final score was 2-2, and Rossi got both goals for his side. When the Italian Soccer Federation found out about the incident, it suspended a total of 38 players, coaches and managers, in-

Rossi hid with his wife at his parents' home to avoid the throngs in Prato, where he starred as a youngster.

cluding Rossi, who was banned for three years. He appealed and the federation reduced Rossi's suspension to two years.

Rossi doesn't deny meeting Cruciani but claims he thought he was merely a fan. "In the whole story of the scandal," said Rossi, "nothing concrete was ever proved against me. They lumped me with two years for something I never committed. They condemned me on a doubt. There was a mistma of lies. Some were guilty, but they treated everybody in the same fashion."

During these happy days, though, the pain can be swiftly annihilated. At the restaurant a waiter, so deferential as to be comic, approached. "Will you take wine with the champion of Italy?" he said to the foreigner eating with Rossi. The champion's face cleared, and his dark eyes danced. "Take the red," he said. "I'll translate for you."

His English is spotty at best, but he tries. "Peccolo leerte Ectaly," he said, referring to his upcoming trip to New York City and its Italian district. Then the visitor learned with astonishment that the world's greatest striker had played in the U.S. before, in one pre-season game for Buffalo of the MISL. That was on Nov. 1, 1980, and those who were at the game know he wore his jersey with trepidation because he was still under suspension and didn't want the international soccer authorities to know he was playing. For the record, Rossi had one goal and one assist for Buffalo.

Consider the difference between that furtive interlude and Rossi's triumphant return last week. If he didn't score in Saturday's game, he was still impressive. "He has a great capacity for appearing behind your back," said Asdrillo Romero of Colombia, who marked Rossi most of the game. Perhaps Romero was thinking of how Rossi had eluded him in the second half and had headed a perfect pass to Kevin Keegan of England for the goal that began the Europeans' comeback from a 2-0 deficit.

"I was happy with the game personally, but collectively, no," said Rossi afterward. "No teamwork." The hollow cheeks were split with the boy's grin again. This was one game at least that didn't matter, but back in pre-season camp with the tifosi all around, soccer life would start again. Let the tifosi of the U.S.A., though, it had been but a fleeting and tantalizing glimpse of the world's most famous athlete.

END



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by William Taaffe

Like the TV announcer in the movie *Network*, Frank Chirkinian is mad as you know what and isn't going to take it anymore. Last week the veteran producer of CBS's golf coverage described his competitors at ABC as "skunks" and "frauds" who "show absolutely no class at all." Besides, Chirkinian said, they're guilty of the greatest sin known to man, caddie and country club: They don't know how to televise golf. Now that the so-called skunks have just aired the PGA, the last of this year's major championships, it might be time to put Chirkinian's charges to the test: Just which network is the class of golf coverage?

Perhaps what most irritates Chirkinian is that ABC Sports—and especially



The nod goes to the skunks

But CBS's Frank Chirkinian (left) thinks Chuck Howard's ABC shows stink

Producer Chuck Howard, who's in charge of its golf coverage—has patted itself on the back for years for initiating 18-hole coverage of the U.S. Open. In fact, Chirkinian argues, "We forced them into it." His story goes this way: In 1975, ABC had to match a CBS bid to retain rights to the Open. One specific of CBS's proposal was that it would cover every hole. According to Chirkinian, ABC had to do all 18 holes whether it wanted to or not. "That's absurd, absolutely untrue," says Howard. Whatever the case, the Open is the only event that gets 18-hole coverage. ABC, 1-up.

Another thing that nettles Chirkinian is the way Howard bad-mouths the CBS announcers. Howard stations two or three commentators behind the 18th green and lets them wing it on the monitors. We may hear, say, Jim McKay for 12 minutes, Peter Alliss for another 12 and then Jack Whitaker for 12. CBS's method is to have a different announcer on almost every hole it covers.

"ABC claims you can't find eight or 10 broadcasters who can do a good job," says Chirkinian. "That's nonsense." But

the feeling here is that all the "Back to you, Vin," "Over to you, Pat," and "Take it away, Ken" that flows from CBS telecasts is distracting. ABC, 2-up.

Chirkinian also maintains ABC is too concerned with old-fashioned show biz. "ABC is star oriented," he says. "They would rather watch Nicklaus walk than another player strike a golf shot." CBS, on the other hand, likes to show as many shots of as many players as possible. To be sure, Howard does cut corners to follow the big names. While Nicklaus was running off five straight birdies on the final day of the U.S. Open, viewers didn't see much of the leader, Bill Rogers. But there's nothing wrong with show biz so long as the basic story isn't compromised. Watching Tom Watson ruminate over a 15-foot putt when he's in contention is far more compelling than watching Larry Nelson, Tom Kite and Fuzzy Zoeller hit three meaningless shots on three different holes within 33 seconds. ABC's more personalized approach is exactly what golf requires. ABC interviews young men in Amara hats, while Chirkinian opts for still more golf shots. As Howard says,

"The more interviews you do, the more you see the players aren't all tall blond guys out of Houston." ABC, 3-up.

As for announcers, the time has come to put the networks' British Commandment into writing: "Thou shalt always use a Henry Longhurst sound-alike on the air." The class of the field is CBS's Ben Wright (a Brit), with ABC's Alliss (another) a close second. Both beat Bruce Devlin (an Aussie) of NBC. Oh, yes. We've ignored NBC, but for good reason. Proficient in covering all other sports, NBC has hardly a clue as to how to handle golf, other than having Don Criqui say, "Atop the leader board" every second minute. And if the tour had as many great golfers as Design says it has, everyone would shoot in the low 60s.

So, for years it's been match play, CBS, which broadcasts 15 tournaments, including the Masters, vs. ABC, which televises the U.S. British and women's opens, the PGA and the U.S. Amateur. NBC carries 13 events. "For some inexplicable reason, I'm Mr. Bad Guy [and] we're the chicken bone in ABC's throat," says Chirkinian. "I accept that as a compliment. We've got four Emmys in golf. ABC's got none. I wish they would let their work speak for them and stop all this palaver on the side."

The truth is, work does speak. This year the skunks win going away. **END**

In the ninth inning of a game at Yankee Stadium last Friday night, with two outs and two strikes on large Lamar Johnson, Dave LaRoche unleashed his potentied LaLob. The Texas punch hitter took a mighty cut, whiffed and screwed himself into a heap on the ground. As Johnson lay there giggling, Umpire Ken Kiser counted him out as he would a boxer, then helped him up, and the Yankee and Ranger benches erupted into scenes of great hilarity.

In a season that would have driven most reasonable men raving mad, LaRoche may yet get the last LaLaugh. Just that day he was called up from the Columbus Clippers for the fourth time this season. It would be one thing if LaRoche had been demoted for ineffectiveness, but his ERA as a Yankee is 1.03, and the 2½ perfect strings he pitched in the 6-0 victory Friday extended his major league scoreless streak to 24½ innings. On Sunday he retired three more batters before the Rangers ended his streak. And LaRoche is hardly a lad in need of seasoning; he is the same age as his uniform number, 34, and a two-time All-Star who is ninth on the alltime list in saves.

So why has he been getting what some people might call LaShaft? LaRoche has been an innocent victim of the general lunacy surrounding the Yankees this year. He has been recalled four times and, including spring training, has played for three different managers. Bob Lemon, Gene Michael and Clyde King. He's worked with five different Yankee pitching coaches, Jerry Walker, Jeff Torborg, Stan Williams, King and Sammy Ellis. He's one of 12 players who have performed for both New York and Columbus this year. Does he mind being the Yankee/Clipper? Well, a little. "But actually, they've treated me fairly well," he says. "And besides, I have this." He points to his 1981 American League championship ring.

Sometimes LaRoche drives between New York and Columbus, and sometimes he flies. He knows Interstate 80 intimately—Hope is halfway between the New Jersey border and Allamuchy—and he has Hank Williams and Willie Nelson on his tape deck to keep him company. "I'm singing *On the Road Again* to myself a lot these days," he says. He has

more than a nodding acquaintance with the skyscrapers at the Port Columbus International Airport. "Whenever I arrive, one of them will say, 'Will you be staying with us long, Mr. LaRoche?'"

The shuffling began the weekend before the season opened. LaRoche went with the Yankees to New Orleans for two exhibition games, and from there he was asked to go to Columbus. First he went home to Fort Scott, Kans., then he reported to the Clippers. On April 26 the Yankees purchased him from Columbus to fill the roster vacancy left by Graig Nettles, who had a thumb injury. LaRoche drove the 10 hours to New York. He pitched only once, giving up two runs on May 4 against Oakland—he hadn't given up any more while pitching for the Yanks this year until Sunday—before he was sent down on May 5 to make room for first baseman Steve Balboni. He drove back to Columbus and was all set

by Steve Wulf

Dave Righetti could be reactivated. "LaRoche handled that so well," says Torborg, the Yankees' bullpen coach and LaRoche's close friend. "I knew the story, but I was still upset and disturbed." Though LaRoche wasn't all that happy about going down, he didn't complain. George Steinbrenner was so touched that he let it be known that he might offer LaRoche a job in the organization after his playing career ended. "I did ask that they pay me my major league salary while I was in Columbus," says LaRoche, "and Bill Bergesch [one of the Yankees' five vice-presidents] said, 'You beat us to the punch. We were going to offer it to you anyway.'"

Last Friday LaRoche was re-re-re-called when Starter Roger Erickson was placed on the disabled list, and he'll

Trail of the Yankee/Clipper

Dave LaRoche has LaLurched all year between New York and Columbus

to fly to Tidewater to join the Clippers.

He never had to report because on May 10 he was re-recalled to replace Doyle Alexander, who had punched out a dugout wall, incurring a broken finger on his pitching hand. More about this trip later. Three days afterward LaRoche was optioned to Columbus so that Infielder Andre Robertson could be called up. On May 27 he flew from Rochester to New York just for the Mayor's Trophy Game against the Mets. He wasn't used, and the next day he flew to Syracuse to join the Clippers.

On June 3 he was re-re-recalled when Balboni was sent down, and joined the Yankees in Toronto. On July 18, with 21½ scoreless innings behind him, he was optioned so that



probably stay with the Yankees the rest of the year, although nothing's a lock on that team. LaRoche flew in from Rochester to New York while his wife, Patty, flew from Columbus with their two children, Jeff, 4, and Adam, 2. "If we drive," says Patty, "the 10-hour trip takes 15 hours. The kids want to stop at every rest area to play ball."

"The only thing I've really lost this season is sleep," says LaRoche. "I think I've really benefited as a pitcher and as a person. I remember the morning after the second time I was sent down. I picked up the newspaper and on the front page there were wars and scandals. In the sports section, where it's supposed to be fun, there was strikes, drugs and renegotiations. Why should I add to that negative stuff by complaining?"

Pitchers are often said to run out of gas, which brings us back to the story of LaRoche's second trip to New York this season. He drove east all night in his Mercedes (not exactly a bullpen car) but couldn't find an open gas station that pumped diesel. He made it to within a mile of the Hudson River but finally ran dry in Nyack, N.Y. at 5 a.m., five miles short of his destination, North Tarrytown, where he was to stay with a friend. LaRoche walked for a while and noticed a gas pump beside someone's garage. He knocked on the door of the adjoining house, then pounded on the door, then gave up and went to a pay phone across the street to call his friend. Before he finished the phone conversation four police cars drove up in response to a call from the frightened people in the house. LaRoche hung up, ran across the street and told the skeptical policemen his tale of woe. Convinced, they drove LaRoche back to his car, where he waited for his friend to pick him up. Although he had told his friend where he was, there had been some confusion, and LaRoche waited and waited. "There it was, seven in the morning, I'm out of gas, I have to catch an 11 o'clock flight to Anaheim, and I'm willing to trade the rest of my career for a bed," says LaRoche. "I'm thinking of calling Mr. Bergesch to tell him I'm through." Finally, at 8:30, the friend arrived, and LaRoche barely caught his flight to the Coast.

Three days later, after making the trip with the Yankees to Oakland, he was sent back to Columbus.

The Rangers' Doc Medich, who's been

pitching against LaRoche for eight years, says, "Some company that makes yo-yos would be smart to get Roche to do an endorsement." Signed as an outfielder by the Angels in 1967, LaRoche became a pitcher by accident when his minor league team, the Quad Cities Angels, ran out of arms. In 1971 he met Torborg, then an Angel catcher, and had his first outstanding year. "He did some legendary things," says Torborg. "Once he threw the ball at the scoreboard in Anaheim—which was some throw—because he wanted to show the bullpen coach he was loose. Right after he hit it, the scoreboard started printing hieroglyphics. Then there was the time they called for Rudy May instead of him, and Dave decided to go anyway. We had two pitchers standing on the mound."

After the '71 season, LaRoche was traded to Minnesota, and after '72 to the Chicago Cubs. A disappointment in Chicago, he was dealt to Cleveland before the '75 season and reunited with Torborg, then the Indians' bullpen coach. In two years there he had 38 saves, a 2.22 ERA and an amazing 198 strikeouts in 178 innings. "Once he didn't show up for a workout," says Torborg. "We were worried about him until we saw him, in uniform, waving to us from the top of the scoreboard."

"It was a clear day and I just wanted to see the Cleveland skyline," says LaRoche. Cleveland traded him back to California in the middle of the '77 season, and he continued to pitch effectively until '79; at about the time he found Christianity, he temporarily lost his fastball. He struggled through the next two seasons. In his last appearance of the '80 season, though, at the behest of fellow relievers Mark Clear and Don Aase, he introduced the lob pitch he'd been working on in the bullpen. He retired the last 20 Brewers in a row—four or five of them on lobs. The Angels, however, released him in spring training of '81.

By this time, Torborg, after whom LaRoche named his older son, had gone to the Yankees, and he suggested that they sign LaRoche. The Yankees made a better offer than the Pirates and, reunited with Torborg, LaRoche had a 4-1 record, a 2.49 ERA and pitched a perfect inning in the World Series. LaLob, so named by a New York writer, attained full glory on Sept. 9 when Gorman Thomas of the Brewers struck out on

it and then smashed his batting helmet.

When they met again on June 30 of this year, LaRoche fed Thomas seven straight LaLobs before Thomas finally singled. "I asked Dave why he did that," says Torborg, "and he said he thought it was only fair to give Thomas a chance to get back for last year. Then I screamed, 'Fair to him?' Was he in the car with you when you were driving all night from Columbus and ran out of gas?"

Last Saturday the Yankees held their 36th annual Old Timers' Day, and by a pleasant coincidence LaRoche dressed next to Steve Hamilton, a former Yankee left-handed reliever who threw his own blooper pitch, the Folly Floater. The two compared notes, and Hamilton complimented LaRoche on his performance the night before. "Yours is much more of a weapon than mine was," said Hamilton. "I just lobbed it up there, you throw yours with top spin. But you really had the fans going last night."

"What can I do?" said LaRoche. "The fans love it. I even had it timed at Columbus—28 miles per hour. George may not like it, managers may not like it, but people boo me when I don't throw it."

"Ordinarily, I'm not too fond of LaLob," said King on Saturday, "but last night I couldn't help but break up when Johnson was lying on the plate." The funny thing was that the final LaLob seemed to lift much of the tension the Yankees had been playing under all season. If they do climb back into the pennant race—they ended up taking three of five from Texas and were 8½ games out of first after the weekend—LaRoche might have sounded their clarion call.

Clarion is located just off I-80 in Pennsylvania, between Leeper and Sligo.

THE WEEK

(Aas 2-8)

by HERB WEISKOPF

NL WEST Faster than the Braves (1-6) could say "Gulp!" their nine-game lead had shrunk to 1½. Eight straight losses to the Dodgers (6-1) in 10 days had the Atlantics reeling. L.A. moved into second by beating the Braves four times last week: 3-2 and 5-4 in 10-inning contests, 7-6 when Duane Baker singled in the 11th, side second and scored on a pinch-hit single

continued

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BASEBALL continued

by Mike Marshall, and 2-0 on Sunday as righthander Bob Welch, who beat Cincinnati 4-0 earlier, earned his second win of the week. What's more, San Francisco (7-1) twice stunned Atlanta. Tom O'Malley's two-run homer triggered a four-run ninth that beat the Braves 6-3, and Joe Morgan's single in the ninth nipped them 3-2. Reggie Smith's 591 hitting helped the Giants look 10 feet tall.

Although Ruppert Jones went on the disabled list with a bruised heel, the Padres (4-3) were very much in the race. Keeping them there were Eric Show's 2-0 blanking of Cincinnati and John Montefusco's five-hit, 5-2 victory in Houston. But the Astros (2-6) burned the Houston twice, 6-4 with a five-run eighth and 7-6 on Tony Scott's bases-loaded single in the last of the 11th. Mario Soto of the Reds (2-5) slowed down the Dodgers 5-1.

ATL 62-47 LA 62-50 SD 60-51

SF 57-55 HOU 46-62 CIN 40-71

NL EAST "These are the things we are going to need to win the pennant," said Pittsburgh's Mike Easler. What happened was that Mets leftfielder George Foster was about to catch a foul by Easler when he pulled up short because a ball girl was camped under the ball. Easler's foul dropped untouched, after which he doubled in a run to help the Pirates (4-4) win 7-3. Johnny Ray's two-run triple in the 17th finished off St. Louis 4-2. During that game the Cardinals (3-4) left 24 men on base, three short of the league record.

The Phillies (3-4) also had difficulty scoring. One reason was that they hit .213. Another was that Greg Gross, who was on third, failed to score on Gary Matthews' single in a 4-2 loss to the Cubs. Gross made a belated dash home and was thrown out by rightfielder Jay Johnstone, who had deceived him into thinking he was going to catch the ball. On successive days, the Expos intentionally walked George Vukovich to pitch to Manny Trillo, who singled in the decisive run each time as the Phils won 3-2 and 5-4.

But the Phils continued to be tormented in Chicago (5-1), where they lost for the fourth, fifth and sixth straight times. The Cubs won 4-2 and 3-2 on late hits by Bill Buckner, and 8-5 as Johnstone homered twice. The Sunshine Boys frolicked in Wrigley Field, also beating New York 5-0 behind Doug Bird's three-litter, and 5-1 as Randy Matesz yielded only two hits. New York (3-4) salvaged the finale in Chicago with some broad-daylight larceny—six stolen bases—to win 7-4.

Five years after Doug Flynn and Joel Youngblood were traded by the Reds to the Mets in separate deals on the same day, both were dealt to the Expos on the same day—from different teams. Flynn came from Texas to plug the hole at second base for the Expos (3-4). Youngblood became the first player ever to play for two teams in two cities on the

BALL PARK FIGURES

The most improved hitters, based on a minimum of 200 at bats in strike-shortened 1981 and at least 300 so far this season, are:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Barry Bonnell, Tor	220	308	+ .88
2. Lance Parrish, Det	224	303	+ .79
3. Fred Lynn, Cal	219	296	+ .77
4. Damaso Garcia, Tor	252	317	+ .65
5. Frank White, KC	250	313	+ .63

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Joe Morgan, SF	240	300	+ .60
2. Gary Carter, Mon	251	305	+ .54
3. Ruppert Jones, SD	249	303	+ .54
4. Dan Driessens, Cin	236	289	+ .53
5. Ken Landreaux, LA	251	302	+ .51

same day. After singling in what would be the winning run for the Mets in Chicago Wednesday afternoon, Youngblood learned of his trade in the third inning, caught a flight and arrived in Philadelphia in the third inning that evening, went to rightfield for the Expos in the sixth and singled in the seventh. Tim Lincecum had four homers and 10 RBIs.

PHIL 61-47 STL 61-49 PIT 58-50

MON 57-51 NY 48-61 CIN 46-68

AL EAST "Crowley had informed me that Quisenberry didn't have the same velocity he normally has and that it would behoove me not to swing violently at the ball." That was the way John Lowenstein of the Orioles (5-4) interpreted a tip from teammate Terry Crowley about Royals Reliever Dan Quisenberry. Lowenstein's non-violent swing produced a tie-breaking sacrifice fly in the eighth that beat K.C. 6-5. Lowenstein also used his bat deftly to break another deadlock on the eighth against Boston. With men on first and second, Lowenstein faked a bunt and singled through the spot just vacated by Second Baseman Jerry Remy, giving Baltimore the winning run in a 4-2 victory. That prompted Lowenstein to explain, "The bunt sign was on. But due to the strategic deployment [of the defense], I took it upon myself to swing."

And then there was owner George (When In Doubt, Shout) Steinbrenner of New York (4-5), who fired Gene Michael and installed Clyde King as manager. "If that doesn't work, I am perfectly willing to bite the bullet on some of these big [player] contracts," Steinbrenner said. "If a guy doesn't want to put out for the Yankees, then he can sit home [next season] like a big fat toad."

In Milwaukee (4-2), Rollie Fingers saved three games, raising his total to 26, and Cecil Cooper belted homers 21 through 23. Cooper's two-run blast in the eighth and his RBI

single in the 10th toppled the Indians 5-2. But even though Lou Whitaker hit 500 and Glenn Wilson 429, Detroit 14-51 tumbled.

The ineffectiveness of the starting pitchers continued to keep Boston (3-4) bogged down. The starters were pummeled for 43 hits and 28 runs in 34½ innings, since May 23 their ERA has been over 5.00.

No, the Blue Jays (4-5) didn't get their fielding gloves from a Swiss cheese factory, it just seemed that way as they made eight errors. Despite two miscues by teammates, Dave Stieb was a winner for the fifth time in a row, defeating the Brewers 9-4.

Rick Sutcliffe of Cleveland (4-3) was in a similar groove, giving up only five hits and one earned run while stopping the Rangers 6-2. Sutcliffe was 9-4 with a league-leading 2.74 ERA.

ML 63-45 BOS 61-48 BAL 59-49 DET 55-54
CLEV 54-53 NY 54-53 TOR 52-58

AL WEST GET THE HAMMER OUT is the slogan on the T-shirts Reggie Jackson bought for the Angels (4-3). Although Doug DeCinces was the most persistent hammerer, his live home runs couldn't overcome shoddy California pitching during three losses to Minnesota (3-4).

Eleven home runs—four by George Brett—kept Kansas City (4-4) right on the heels of first-place California. And Frank White hit for the cycle to defeat Detroit 6-5. The most noteworthy of 10 dangers by Chicago (5-2) was Carlton Fisk's three-run drive that knocked off Boston 6-3. In seven games

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DOUG DeCINCES: For the first time in his career, the California Angel third baseman hit three home runs in a game—and he did it twice. He had 12 hits in 24 at bats with eight homers and 12 RBIs.

this season against his former Red Sox teammates, Fisk has hit .407 and driven in 10 runs. Although Dave Hostetler didn't join the Rangers (3-6) until late May, he leads the club with 48 RBIs and 19 homers. Last week he had three home runs and eight RBIs.

Rickey Henderson of the A's (5-2) became the first player to steal 100 or more bases in two different seasons. Six thefts by Henderson broke his own league mark and increased his total to 105, with only 14 more needed to break Lou Brock's modern major league mark of 118.

Mike Moore of Seattle (2-5), the first draft pick in 1981, beat Oakland 3-2. In his last four starts, spanning 28½ innings, Moore has yielded nine runs and 17 hits.

CAL 63-47 KC 61-48 CHI 57-51 SEA 54-56
OAK 48-63 TEX 43-65 MINN 38-73



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Emulating his dad, Tommy Houghton won the big one with Speed Bowl

by Mike DelNagro



Suppose you're a harness racing driver, a Hall-of-Famer who's one of the two or three most successful whips the sport has ever seen. Suppose, too, that the sport's grandest race is only a few days off and, though you've won the event a record-equaling four times, you're without a horse to drive. And suppose that you're part owner of a colt given a fair chance of winning, but the horse already has a driver—and that driver is your son. What do you do? And what do you do if on the day entries are required and drivers are named, your son comes up to you and says, "Dad, maybe you better do the driving?"

If you're Billy Houghton, and the horse is Speed Bowl and your son's name is Tommy, what you do is say, "No way. Son, this fella is yours."

Such was the scene last Tuesday morning at the Meadowlands in New Jersey. Tommy said O.K., Dad. Four days later, in the most important of all trotting races, the Hambletonian, 25-

year-old Tommy Houghton climbed into the sulky and drove Speed Bowl to victory in two straight heats. Few horsemen at the track could have been other than thrilled for the Houghtons, especially for Billy, who has put so much into the sport. "I've raced for \$2 million without a care in the world compared to today," he said. "I've had my share of glory and I'm tickled for Tommy."

That Tommy ever got behind a sulky at all is a tribute to Billy—and to Tommy's older brother, Peter. Tommy Houghton grew up loving pagskin, not horseflesh. As a high school senior in Oyster Bay, N.Y. he was an all-county quarterback. Paul Soldner, a family friend and onetime professor of veterinary medicine at Ohio State, even sent films of Tommy to Woody Hayes. Soldner says Hayes told him, "The kid's terrific, but there just isn't enough of him." So the 5'10", 155-pound Houghton enrolled at East Stroudsburg (Pa.) State, where he knew he could play.

In the summer, looking for a job, Tommy went to work for the Houghton stable, but as a groom. That was in 1977.

By then Peter Houghton had already begun to emerge as one of the brightest young driving and training stars in harness racing. And Peter and Billy had become inseparable, not only as father and son but also as friends, as two men who respected each other's skills and enjoyed each other's company. When Peter was killed in an automobile accident in January 1980, Billy took it hard. He still tears up at the mention of Peter. Before the tragedy, horses were a hobby for Tommy. After it, he dedicated himself entirely to the sport. "I think of my brother a lot, especially on days like today," Tommy said after winning the Hambletonian. "I asked him to give me a little help."

After 24 years in the state fair setting of Du Quoin, Ill., this was the second year that the Hambletonian was raced at the Meadowlands, an ultramodern track located just a few furlongs from New York City. The backdrop is glass and steel now instead of prize mules and carry barkers, and horsemen and fans are still debating whether the move was a wise one. It was made to gain additional exposure for the event. Still, the inaugural race in New Jersey attracted only 20,677 spectators. Last Saturday, under bright sunny skies—a vast improvement over last year's rain—attendance increased to only 23,153. Echoing the sentiments of many, groom Odell Short said, "At Du Quoin the Hambletonian was special. Here it's just another race."

To be fair, the Meadowlands is trying. Again the track hired an advertising agency to saturate the area with word of the race in newspapers and on TV. The track also scheduled a leg of the U.S. Pacing Championship on the Hambletonian card. That meant an appearance by Genghis Khan, who in June had paced a world record for aged horses, 1:52½, and is easily the sport's biggest draw. (He won the race in a sizzling 1:53.) "We did everything right," said Allen Gutterman, the track P.R. director. "We'll just keep on doing it and wait for the fans."

At least the horsemen at the Meadow-

continued



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lands are benefiting. This year the Hambletonian purse was a record \$875,000, though the race would draw entries if it had no purse at all. As Billy Haughton said after he had won the \$300,000 Oliver Wendell Holmes Pace behind McKenzie Almahurst on Thursday night, "This one's for the money. But the Hambletonian is for pride."

As an owner of Pony Stable—along with Solderer, Max Hempt, Bowman Brown and Dale and Floyd Miller—Haughton began thinking of the 1982 Hambletonian almost two years ago when, at the Standardbred Horse Sale in Harrisburg, Pa., the group paid \$58,000 for a skinny yearling colt named Sebastian Hanover. He was renamed Speed Bowl after his sire, Super Bowl, the 1972 Hambletonian winner. "We had about \$60,000 to spend and there were several horses that we liked better, but they all went by us on price," Billy says. "Speed Bowl was the last one left."

For a while it seemed they would have been lucky if Speed Bowl had gone by them, too. Slow to get into gear, Speed Bowl usually finds himself far back in the pack, and though he can brush—turn on a burst of speed—he has usually done so too late. In seven 1982 starts before the Hambletonian, the colt had won only one race. A few months ago, standardbred syndicators Morty Finder and Lou Guida worked up a deal to package Speed Bowl. But a vet took one look at the colt's gait and declared him unsound. The deal fell through. Still, Speed Bowl had a tremendous finishing kick. Last year at Du Quoin, against top 2-year-olds in the two-heat Hayes Tire, Speed Bowl came on from 11th place and again from 15th to win. This year he started to show Hambo form at the Founders Cup at Vernon Downs four weeks ago, when he finished a fast-closing second in each of his two heats, missing both times by only a neck. By then, Billy was sure he didn't fit the horse. Each time he had driven Speed Bowl, the colt balked and broke. But Tommy had done an excellent job of keeping the colt trotting. In six races with Tommy driving, Speed Bowl never went off gait. "Whatever it is I do wrong," Billy said, "Tommy doesn't do it."

To win the Hambletonian a colt must finish first in two one-mile heats. This

year there were 22 entries, split into two 11-horse divisions. The first was won by Jazz Cosmos in 1:57½, an upset made possible in part because Delvin Miller's speedy colt Arndon, the odds-on favorite, broke after turning home on the lead. In the second division, Speed Bowl was up against Mystic Park, a colt that had won 10 of 13 races this year. Like Arndon, Mystic Park went right to the lead and, like Arndon, he broke stride. Speed Bowl, a distant 10th at the half, came sizzling down the lane to win the heat by 5½ lengths in a snappy 1:56½.

The top five finishers from each division returned for a third heat, with both Jazz Cosmos and Speed Bowl in a position to wrap it all up. A win by any other horse would have brought a fourth mile, contested by the three heat winners. Mickey McNichol, Jazz Cosmos' driver, got into his sulky and said to his colt, "C'mon, boy. Let's not make this a long afternoon."

It wasn't. Jazz Cosmos shot out on the lead and, surprisingly, Haughton hustled Speed Bowl up behind him. With McNichol cutting extremely fast fractions, the colts stayed that way until midway down the stretch. There, Haughton upped Speed Bowl to the outside to challenge the leader. For an instant Speed Bowl bobbled, almost going off stride. But the colt collected himself quickly. Haughton leaned back in the sulky and blew past Jazz Cosmos with ease, winning by a neck in 1:57 flat.

The Haughton victory spoiled the day for those horsemen who had come to the

track hoping for other outcomes. One was that 69-year-old Miller—Mr. Harness Racing—would win the second Hambletonian of his long career. Miller was sure Arndon had come up to the Hambletonian perfectly fit, and after the colt came apart in his heat, he was grim. Frank O'Mara, Mystic Park's 50-year-old driver, also felt he had faded despite having his best horse ever. "We'll go back to work in the morning," O'Mara said, "but it won't be quite the same."

Most dejected of all, perhaps, was McNichol, to whom a win in the Hambletonian would have been the crowning chapter of a Horatio Alger story. McNichol, 33, was a kid from the Bronx who made it from groom to meet-leading driver all on his own. After Jazz Cosmos won his heat, McNichol's hands were trembling. "This just proves you don't have to be from the farm to be a good horseman," he said proudly. In the finale, McNichol and Jazz Cosmos had the lead with no more than 20 jumps to go. "I heard Tommy coming," he said afterward. "I knew his horse could outstep me. Close as the finish was, there was nothing I could do." Then, trying hard to sound casual, he added, "But, hey, as Delvin says, 'Second money isn't bad.'"

In the winner's circle, several spectators were shouting at Tommy, begging him to hand over his whip, as often happens after a race. But Tommy turned his back to them, slid the whip under his colors and jogged off. A step behind him was Billy Haughton, wearing a smile you'd never forget.



Happy Haughtons (from left): Tommy, his mother Dorothy, sister Holley, father Billy.



Horizontal, Vertical And Boreal

An August trip along and up the coast of East Greenland was an exciting, but chilling, experience for two intrepid Americans

By William Oscar Johnson



CONTINUED

Charles and Jana dropped their folding kayaks in among the ice floes on the morning of Aug. 1, 1981. The day was bright and promising, but there was a two-foot chop—a bit intimidating for such small craft. A stiff wind blew spray in their faces and icy seawater lapped over the decks of the kayaks. Charles and Jana were wet right away, but they had expected that. The big surprise from the moment they settled into their cockpits was the noise that filled what is conventionally described as “the silent arctic.”

In his daybook entry for Aug. 1 Charles wrote in a cramped hand: “It is never quiet among the ice. The sound is a roar that reminds me of torrential rivers. Surf on rock is muffled in comparison to swell among ice. It pulses and shivers as flesh and blood. It booms and snaps. It gives off more decibels than explosions or sonic booms. Movement and sound in the ice is alive. We are navigating an organism. . . .”

Jana’s daybook entry was more prosaic: “The ice floes groan, growl and burp. One just bonged out there again. Lots of

wump! sounds, some like a car door slamming.”

But ice wasn’t all that was making noise on the Greenland Sea that brilliant morning. “I heard a sound different from the sea or the wind, like a man breathing hard while swimming,” Jana wrote. “It caught my ears so that I looked out to it. There in front of me, so close I saw her eye slip beneath the water and a white cheek flash as I heard her exhale and catch her breath, was a whale. She spouted as her back passed out of the water and I could see the blowhole. This whale had a big fin on her back, the dorsal fin of an orca. On her first breach she was only about 15 yards away. She passed off to my starboard side for one more breath and was gone. All in about 30 seconds. . . . She was so big. I liked her little eye. She looked at me as she passed. I looked at her. Sleek and black. Then she was gone, and the waves went on and I headed out to sea. . . .”

No more whales would breach near the kayaks, but the ice would thunder and moan and clatter and belch—on and on and on—for the next five weeks as

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES HOLMES GRICESBEEK
AND JANA SLANE

In Sermiligaaq, Slane washes down the kayaks before continuing the horizontal phase of the trip.





A crevasse in a glacier near Spring Flower fjord temporarily stops Grosbeck's vertical progress.

Charles and Jana pursued a strange adventure along the bleak coast of East Greenland. Ice became the most pervasive—and the most perilous—element in their lives, but they were also battered by violent weather and found themselves paddling through fog so thick they could scarcely see each other from a kayak-length away. They also lived in constant awareness that the polar bear, Nanuk, roamed the terrain where they camped each night. After a heated and semi-existential debate about whether to carry a weapon and, if so, what kind (their limited choice included a five-shot rifle or a double-barreled shotgun), the travelers had decided to spend \$230 of their \$500 stake for the rifle, a .243 Parker-Hale, which they purchased their first day in Greenland. However, Charles remained ambivalent about the gun, about Nanuk and ultimately about his own presence in these desolate environs, and he wrote in his daybook: "Were we not here there would be less disturbance . . . Of course, it is incumbent upon us to give Nanuk every possible out. In that sense the rifle allows warning-scare shots, whereas a shotgun requires the first shot to stop and, one hopes, kill. . . . Ever the hard questions: Why are we here? Should we be here? Value must accrue. We have spent so much. . . ."

All right, who were these people and what were they doing pitting themselves against the perils of East Greenland by day and filling page after page after page with words by night? He was—and is—Charles Grosbeck, now 50, a loquacious jack of many, many trades, including cinematographer, mountain guide, prep school English teacher, gravedigger, ambulance driver. She was—and is—Jana Slane, now 29, daughter of a Los Angeles lawyer, graduate in psychology from the University of Victoria in British Columbia, skier, cyclist and climber who supports herself by taking photographs of "turkeys"—vacationing skiers—on Vail Mountain in Colorado. Charles and Jana live in Silver Plume, Colo., a mining town 60 miles west of Denver, in a small, rustic house set on a hill just about equidistant from a tumbling creek below and the rumbling traffic of Interstate 70 above.

The idea for the expedition to Greenland came after a lonely, late-fall climb in Canada's Bugaboos. They wanted to create a unique expedition that would test their skills to the utmost. For many years, Grosbeck, an expert mountaineer, had been eager to challenge the rarely climbed interior ranges of Greenland, which are full of magnificent peaks, some of more than 10,000 feet. On the other

hand, Slane's California childhood had included a lot of boating. Besides that, both had skied a good deal. So they combined their interests into a trip to Greenland they labeled "horizontal-vertical"—meaning it would include boating (horizontal) and skiing and climbing (vertical).

They tried to make the expedition into something of a cottage industry, getting stationery printed up and writing letters in an attempt to generate funds and equipment. Although they received a lot of supplies, they didn't attract any financial backers and wound up spending their own savings—every penny. The whole thing nearly collapsed beneath the dead weight of delays caused by 1) a strike among Greenlandic air traffic controllers and 2) a Danish bureaucracy (the great island—the Earth's biggest—was a county of Denmark until 1953, when it became an independently governed protectorate), which was in no hurry to give permission to travel along this rarely visited coast of Greenland.

On July 28, when they finally boarded a 500-ton trawler that reeked of fish, and crossed the Denmark Strait from Iceland to the first Greenland town of Angmagssalik (pop. 1,000), their horizontal-vertical odyssey began in earnest. They had

continued

decided to use 15-foot Hypalon Folbot kayaks, which weigh close to 60 pounds. These cost about \$670 each and are manufactured in Charleston, S.C. Once assembled, the kayaks are remarkably sturdy and efficient, similar to the ancient

craft used for centuries by Inuit seal hunters along the Greenland coast. The Folbots are virtually untippable, and in the stern and bow, Groesbeck and Slane could stow sleeping bags, stoves, fuel, foul-weather gear, wet suits, tent, skis, poles, boots, cameras, climbing gear (including 330 feet of rope), the anti-Namik rifle and ammunition, and 140 pounds of food for eight weeks, i.e., enough provisions to last for six weeks of scheduled travel, plus two weeks' worth of emergency rations.

Their high-protein diet consisted of a mix of bulgur wheat and crushed soybeans, honey, oil, various dried fruits (their favorite was papaya), assorted nuts, different kinds of tea, dried milk, dried onions, spices (nutmeg, curry, cayenne) and, headiest delicacy of all, six of

Slane's handy-soaked fruitcakes packed in Tupperware containers. They took no salt (plenty in the seal) and cooked their cereal in a broth of half seawater, half freshwater, obtained from streams and glacial pools. They wore their wet suits only on extraordinarily damp days. Their favorite footwear was their Wellington rubber boots, even though they took on a strong and sour odor a week or so into the trip that no amount of washing, drying or airing could remove.

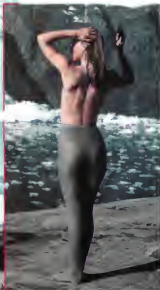
Amazingly enough, though Groesbeck and Slane were toughened veterans of many wilderness excursions, neither had done any serious kayaking before. Hearing this, people who knew a little about where Groesbeck and Slane were going called them stupid. And so it seemed they were, because it cannot be emphasized enough just how forsaken is the area they intended to visit. For one thing, even detailed maps of East Greenland's coastline and topography are a joke. It's a region seldom visited by anyone except native Greenlanders. There have been a few expeditions in recent years. In 1970 20 Englishmen set out in a flotilla of kayaks and covered about 120 miles, round trip, in a full month of hard work. In 1980 two Britons equipped with a Zodiac inflatable raft and double outboard motors took three weeks to make a round trip of about 250 miles between Angmagssalik and a small island east of Sermitsoq, the northernmost outpost on the east coast. Groesbeck and Slane, the neophyte kayakers, proposed to cover more than 500 miles by kayak—meaning unassisted muscle power—in six weeks, which would include several days off the water, climbing and sking in the mountains.

East Greenland was largely unknown and virtually unsettled and unwanted by Europeans until less than 100 years ago. It is said that East Greenland is only a little more than one generation out of the Stone Age. This is literally true. When Eric the Red sailed from Iceland at the end of the 10th century, he skipped the ice-choked shores of the east side of Greenland and founded settlements, such as they were, on the south and west coasts. The Norsemen clung for almost 500 years to that bare, green land, and then vanished. One theory is that they were annihilated by marauding Eskimo

continued



Slane grips the tip of Sharp Pyramid after taking in the sun in Spring Flower Fjord. Groesbeck peers in a paddle to chop at his saddle on Sior Island.



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hunters, moving down the west coast from Canada to follow migrating herds of caribou. Eskimo legends tell of fierce battles about that time, but the true fate of Eric the Red's settlers has never been discovered.

In the early 1700s, Danish missionaries arrived—but, again, only in West Greenland. From then on that part of the island came under the influence of European culture. In the unexplored east, the Eskimos continued to live as if time had stood still. They wore sealskin clothes in winter, went almost nude in summer, lived in rude shelters of animal hides and sod, made kayaks and umaks of sealskin and hunted with stone-tipped harpoons and spears or bows and arrows. Occasionally, a few would make their way to the civilized west side of the island where

were soaked in by dense fog at sea level and camped along the Angmagssalik Fjord, about 14 miles from where they had started. In the nearly endless summer dusk—the sun sets about 11:30 p.m. and rises again at 3 a.m. in early August—they roamed along the shore to a point looking out to sea, and there they found the ruins of an Eskimo hunter's sod-and-skin-roofed house. During the next few

On Aug. 5 the pair arrived at

Sermiligaq (pop. 60), 30 miles below the Arctic Circle. There they encountered a Greenland named Ulrick Mansukfadalik, a professional mountaineer and relentless pessimist who was depressingly negative about their plan. He told them, "Dangerous. Impossible. I think you don't come back." As if on cue, it began to storm and rain. Groesbeck and Slane spent the next three nights and two days

At Sermiligaq (left) camp the kayakers were anchored above the tide. But pack ice moved in and paddling was impossible.



416 Eskimos who were so primitive they had never heard of iron. They were sick and hungry, clearly on the brink of extinction. By 1895, the Danes had established government health and education programs in hopes of saving the rapidly dwindling population, and the Stone Age gradually receded from East Greenland.

The first evening of the horizontal-vertical expedition, Groesbeck and Slane



stuck in Sermiligaaq, staying at the home of Thorvald Tauuujuk, a native Greenlandic who is the pastor and teacher in the tiny town. They talked a lot about the ice to the north and whether or not the kayaks could get through. Ulinick had told them that they should have gone in July, that the ice would set in solid by late August, that they were too late to make it in and out. But Thorvald said, "No. Ice goes away at August moon and not come back till October moon." At Thorvald's, Groesbeck and Slane dined on blubbered seal (boiled meat with a layer of fat left on) and whole sea trout (meaning truly whole—eyes, tail, gills, innards, etc.) and heard sobering news of a local family of seven that only three days earlier had returned to Sermiligaaq from a hunting trip begun the previous October. The family had misjudged the onrush of winter ice and had been forced to camp the whole winter in the north.

Finally on Aug. 8, under "Colorado blue skies," Groesbeck and Slane set out again. It was almost hot. He paddled wearing only a Patagonia pile-lined vest. They threaded their way through thickening ice formations, zigging and zagging to find open channels—called "leads"—through the stuff. Sometimes they navigated carefully, deliberately; sometimes with swift, powerful emergency strokes to avoid trouble. Charles wrote in his daybook: "Ice Ice Ice. Which way to move? Any direction is filled with ice. Even thinly scattered ice merges solid at the horizon. It always looks like we are frozen in. Still, we make good time despite intricate jigsawing amid pack ice and bergs. You think your eyes are deceiving you. Whole rivers move amid the pack. The ice sometimes seems to be moving faster than we are paddling."

Swift or slow, the action of the ice was rarely predictable. That same day, a football-field-size section of ice suddenly moved so fast into a lead Slane was paddling through that it shoved her kayak up against a wall of rock and popped paddler and boat out of the water.

The sudden "calving" of the glacial ice on shore sent vast slabs plunging into the sea without warning, creating monster waves that upset the balance of the ice for a mile or more. "Hippus" occurred when some unseen collision or gradual erosion in the freezing silence far be-

continued



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neath the surface of the Denmark Strait would cause an enormous chunk of ice to break off a berg and come hurtling to the top in a massive eruption of water, noise and destructive force, much like an angry hippopotamus.

The laws of physics dictate that the fraction of the iceberg mass visible on the surface is a mere one-ninth of the iceberg mass in the water below. With or without the threat of hippos the size of fire engines suddenly surging up, this is a statistic so startling as to be almost beyond imagination. The size of icebergs above the surface sent Groesbeck into the far reaches of architectural simile to describe their mass: "The smallest are like grain elevators on the plains, the largest like the office buildings and high-rises of Denver. . . . Scattered about were masses like the hangars at Boeing in Seattle. . . . They were great lumps that reminded us of shopping centers. . . . Sometimes I felt like I was walking through the buildings in the Wall Street district. . . . Bergs the size of courthouses clogged the channel." And Slane added her slightly calmer observation: "They are like huge floating mountains with towers rusted and tapered by storms in the north. . . . The peaks of the towers are pointed. Holes have been blown through creating tunnels and caves."

As they paddled through this protean and fantastical ice- and seascape, the days began to meld together. Clock time had become quite inconsequential early in the trip because of the nearly endless hours of daylight. Neither of them ever bothered to look at a watch; they more or less kept track of the passing hours by means of the tides. Nevertheless, there was a definite urgency involving time. Mid-August in Greenland is the brink of winter. When that fearsome season laid on its full freezing white force, the ice pack would tighten up and become impassable—to trawlers, powerboats and eventually even to 15-foot foilboats propelled by nothing but musclepower and wit.

Although these ice-choked waters were conspicuously bleak, there was a distinctive arctic



The Arctic brewed at Spring Flower Fjord.

lushness to the land. Greenland has no trees as such—only scrub bushes grow there, what wood there is has either been hauled in by boat or drifted across the top of the planet from Siberia. But the island is far from barren. On Aug. 15, after they paddled to the finger-end of a five-mile fjord that wasn't on their maps, Slane wrote: "Flowers everywhere. The brightest are pink like fuchsias, and there are some like violets and tiny buttercups. We walked above the moraine and it was green everywhere! Heather, scrubby willows and blueberries. Fireweed and harebells."

They named the place Spring Flower Fjord, but pretty and delicate as the flora may have looked, the country had a more ominous side: This was Nanuk territory because of the blueberries. It was also utterly virgin territory. Groesbeck again

gave voice to his uneasiness over his role as a trespasser: "How many millennia has that rock lain there till I move it for my bed? It is disturbing to be a disturber. Our presence—walking only—has a calculable impact."

A nearly disastrous mishap occurred at the tip of Spring Flower Fjord. Groesbeck and Slane had decided to reload their kayaks and paddle to another, nearby campsite, from which they intended to travel up a huge glacier to a towering mountain range beyond for their first attempt at the vertical element of their trip. His craft was loaded but Slane had most of her portion of the equipment on a rock shelf just above the water. The waters of the fjord had been intermittently swelling, a consequence of calving. Groesbeck was about to climb into his kayak, and Slane was beginning to load, when a particularly huge mass of ice suddenly fell into the water. A series of waves followed by a four-foot swell washed over them. The swell lifted Groesbeck off his feet for a moment, sent Slane's equipment afloat and threatened to sweep them both into the icy fjord.

Miraculously, Slane stayed on her feet. She quickly gripped the line from her boat in her teeth and managed to hold down much of the equipment with her hands. A cook set drifted off, but Groesbeck retrieved it and threw it to higher ground. When the great swell subsided, they found they had lost nothing but two drinking cups.

The next day Slane was ill with laryngitis, but nevertheless they headed up the glacier to high ground in preparation for a climb in the splendid peaks they had been viewing from the sea with growing anticipation. Groesbeck hauled a lot of equipment while Slane rested atop the glacier. The following day they both hiked up about 16 miles, skis strapped to their packs. That night they camped on the glacier at 1,500 feet, and the change in the atmosphere was abrupt and shocking. "The camp is quiet!" Charles marveled. "The sites on the fjord were bombarded with several shock waves an hour. Ice never stopped falling. Here

On an island near Serorliq, a curious Arctic fox calls at the travelers' camp.



we hear water courses ripple and gurgle."

Groesbeck was filling his daybook with an often nearly incomprehensible or pretentious outpouring of verbiage that came in such profusion that by the end of the trip he had inscribed something more than 85,000 words—a short novel's worth—on some 425 notebook pages. He dealt with a wildly diverse variety of subjects. He wrote about his and Slane's desperate financial condition. "We are more than broke. . . . But if I can't succeed in confining those anxieties from my consciousness, they can become dangerous and threaten life itself." About the French existentialists: "Grand indulgence in nihilism became a too common affliction among them. . . . Why did Albert Camus die so young?" About being the first to climb a mountain: "What of the mystique of first ascents? I think it is all mixed up with this virgin stuff from Judeo-Christianity." He quoted from Robert Frost: "Something there is that doesn't love a wall." And Robinson Jeffers: "... Baltic Beowulf like a fog-blinded sea bear/Prowling the blasted fenland in the bleak twilight to the black water." He saw ravens, and he wrote about death: "There is comfort to death here in Greenland. Death is far easier to accept if you are assured your body will pass immediately into the food chain."

Slane's entries tended toward no-non-

sense observations of what was happening and what she was seeing: "I raised my head and there were ptarmigan sitting in a patch of harebells. A mother and half a dozen young. I saw a kind of rock we haven't seen before—black crumbly stuff, like crumbled asphalt. Charles' barometer reads 3,000 feet. Tomorrow we go across the glacier to climb the mountains there. . . . My fears. Got to control them."

On Aug. 21, they at last began to do some mountaineering. The peak they chose was "a blob on the map" which they named Sharp Pyramid Underfoot as they started the climb was bizarre, volatile corn snow, its granules as big as marbles. Groesbeck stepped onto the snow and the treacherous stuff ran out from beneath him. Had he lost his footing, he might have slid down the slope and over a cliff with a sheer drop of 1,000 feet to the glacier below.

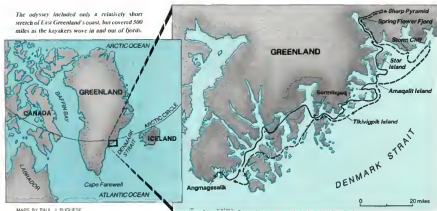
Ultimately, Groesbeck and Slane climbed the face without incident and kept going higher and higher until they were above all the other peaks in the area and could see miles out to sea. The map had indicated that the highest peak in the range was slightly more than 5,500 feet, but Groesbeck's barometer indicated that the summit of Sharp Pyramid was higher than 6,000. It was about 10 p.m.

when they finally reached the mountain-top, and they decided to descend immediately despite the approaching twilight. As they followed their morning footprints across the glowing snow, back to camp, a half-moon rose over the peak that they had just climbed and the northern lights set up a pattern of dancing ribbons on the glacier.

The next morning, Groesbeck and Slane climbed a nearby outcropping to photograph some plants, but the wind rose gradually until the gusts were perhaps 60 mph. So they returned to their tent. At once the day became fierce and dangerous. Groesbeck wrote: "Yesterday it was fall, today winter. We are in a high-wind blizzard. Visibility less than 100 meters. The skidzy glacier is whitening." He worried about the tent, an ancient thing that Groesbeck had owned for years and that had innumerable pinpoint holes from hundreds of nights and days of exposure to the elements. It flapped and whipped and cracked, yet it held even as the wind rose to frightening velocity. Slane described the noise of the gale this way: "I can hear it coming, a big blast from above and beyond like a locomotive." Groesbeck heard something entirely different: "It reminded me of the old tracker pipe organs in Yankee churches. . . . It fills up to a pitch, then a

continued

The odyssey included only a relatively short stretch of East Greenland's coast, but covered 500 miles as the kayakers wore in and out of fjords.



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GREENLAND *continued*

demonic musician lets go with a crescendo: "Bliss!"

Their camp was on sheer rock, one of the worst sites Groesbeek had used in 40 years of outdoor life. But they couldn't move for another day and night. Then, before dawn, on Aug. 24, Groesbeek wrote "It has stopped. A winter wonderland. Cold. An arctic high has frozen everything. Silence. Time to move. Duck and run. Get out of the fjord system before we get trapped."

That meant an exhausting haul down 3,000 feet of vertical drop, and then hiking more than 17 line-of-sight miles in a day. The snowfall had stopped only about 500 feet below the campsite, but below that it had rained and the ground was hard and icy. They made it back to Spring Flower Fjord, where the kayakers had been beached. Now they became aware of the abrupt, almost violent change of season. "The willows have yellowed," Groesbeek wrote. "We moved from summer to winter in seven days. It is undeniable. The impact is foreboding, ominous if you let it get to you. Winter is pushing us."

They reinforced the kayaks with strips of Hypalon, dried out their equipment and set forth on the fjord once more, heading to the open sea. Again a storm blew out of the mountains, rain and wind, and they were forced to put in to camp on a beach in the fjord. Eventually the storm eased and settled into a cold drizzle mixed with sea fog. On Aug. 27 they began puddling to sea again and experienced one of their hardest days. As it turned out, it was merely the start of the most testing ordeal of the expedition.

The day's trip was long, and the ice was very tough to get through. They covered 20-plus line-of-sight miles, but paddled at least 30 real miles as they worked their way through the swirling currents and out of the fjord. In the open sea, huge bergs lay to the east. The thickening ice made it hard to find a route, and Groesbeek and Slane had to bash and shove through pack ice. Frequently the shore was obscured by mist and fog. "The day demanded more in arctic sea wits than I knew I had," said Groesbeek.

Rain had been pouring all day, and though both wore wet suits and foul-weather gear, they were so wet that the slightest pressure squeezed streams of

water from their clothes. Groesbeek was shivering, and he felt that his movements were becoming slightly clumsy—the first signs of hypothermia. They searched along the coast for a place to set up camp, but saw nothing but forbidding rock cliffs against which the ice-choked surf smashed and clattered with frightening violence. They reconnoitered a small indentation in the rock and found what Groesbeek described as "a cauldron of cliffs, sea swell, eustatics and ice." It was a wild place—they would come to call it Storm Cliff—but there was a ledge on one of the cliff walls and beyond that a fault in the rock that could be used to climb to the top of the cliff where they hoped to find a usable campsite. Groesbeek brought his kayak alongside the ledge, waited until a swell lifted his boat even with the narrow shelf, took the kayak line in his teeth and quickly hopped onto the ledge. Then with a nearly superhuman burst of strength, he packed the kayak, fully loaded—maybe 200 pounds—out of the water and swung it onto the ledge next to him. Quickly he unloaded it, hefted it to a higher shelf and directed Slane through the same rhythmic use of the rising sea swell, followed by the quick hop onto the ledge and the lifting, by the two of them, of the kayak.

Rain pelted down. Darkness was falling fast. They lashed the boats to four Chouinard climbing anchors that Groesbeek embedded in the cliff. The kayaks hung there above the stormy seas, well above even the huge tidal rise that spins 12 feet from low to high. Later Groesbeek wrote that the kayaks strung on the cliff were "horizontal on vertical—an epitome of incongruity."

Meanwhile, Slane climbed the slippery cliff with the tent under her arm. It was a climb that Groesbeek says would rate as a 5.2 class (intermediate) ascent in the Shawangunks of New York, although, as he points out, "Those cliffs have neither tide nor sea growth and are almost never climbed in the rain." Slane



Groesbeek paddles past an iceberg weighted by wind and wave.

put up the tent, and they brought up their equipment and with great relief, settled down.

By morning—Aug. 28—the weather had changed. "The sunbeams are bouncing off the storm clouds," rejoiced Slane. But later Groesbeek noted something else: "The pack sed us in. Seals were coming with it. Seals mean Nanuk. I want to check the ice once again and found no lead."

The ordeal had begun. Groesbeek and Slane were, at least for the time, trapped. Ice was the enemy but so were the spring tide and the bad weather and, more than these, the onrushing arctic winter.

On Aug. 29, Groesbeek wrote, "Evening. One last trip to the promontory to check for a lead. None. Sea fog shadow hung several miles out. The water was full of small ice, sealing all the passages between big ice."

Aug. 30, Slane: "We got packed up this morning, but when we walked to the headland, we saw no way out again. We hope to get out tomorrow morning."

Aug. 31, Groesbeek commented on the constant thundering of surf and ice against the cliffs: "The rumble travels underground, and you start as if from a nightmare: 'I've got to escape this trestle before the train hits me.' Conditions at

continued

sea continue to be the worst. High surf continues despite ebbing tide. The cauldron is jammed with broken, decayed bergs and slush. . . . It looks grim. . . ."

Sept. 1, Slane, "Ice, frozen at the shore. All that crushed ice has thickened and is making new pack. It's so heavy. Need a lead badly. Charles tried the boat in the slush. It was like wet cement. He could not get the boat to move. . . ."

Sept. 2, Slane, "Some of the bigger bergs, I think, have moved at the shore-side perimeter of the pack. But for the first time it's worrying me that we won't get out of here, that the breakup is a tease and it'll get worse again. That's hard to bear. We're cutting our food consumption to one meal a day."

Finally, Sept. 3, Groesbeck wrote "Out prowling in the night. If an arctic night can reveal anything, we are free! The cauldron has begun to empty. The seascape of tethered hulks has changed dramatically. The strip of solid ice and slush seems to have narrowed."

By noon they had removed the kayaks from the skyhooks in the cliff, loaded them and dunked them into the thick, heaving slush. They were about to make their escape from Storm Cliff prison. But there was nothing easy about the early going. They shoved and muscled their way through the ice, paddling in crazy zigzags as if caught in some kind of lunatic's labyrinth. Groesbeck wrote: "I kept trying to maintain an illusion of progress, as if

we weren't going in circles as it sometimes seemed. There was one fear I had to fight: 'Charles, if you let this confusion of twisting get to you, you are all done. The ice will have won.' . . . We hit a series of open leads and were seduced into heading south too soon. More pack. More slush. We worked back to the north and northeast. . . . Leads began to break open toward the edge of the ice. Large swells would raise the ice up as a wall before me, a full, vertical wall."

Finally they gained the open sea and,

with the swell to ride, glided swiftly out miles from the coast and soon found themselves moving along with the smooth flow of the Greenland Current. The weather turned warm, dry and sunny—"Riviera weather" they called it—and Slane wrote that night with something approaching euphoria: "I have never paddled so well. Smooth and straight, running with the swell, running with no resistance anywhere, with hundreds of feet of water beneath me, and the ocean spread all the way to the golden horizon. . . ."

Altogether they paddled more than 50 miles that day, out to sea and toward the south. They camped on Amaqut Island that night. The next day at sea, they sped south, propelled as much by high spirits as by their paddles and the powerful current. They spent the following night on Tikvigvik Island, having covered more than 40 miles. Then, after paddling about 20 miles on Sept. 5, they arrived at Sermitig where Taurajek's wife and chil-

dren and some of the village men met them at the dock.

After a two-day layover, Groesbeck and Slane headed back to sea, going ever southward, and found the weather ever more pleasant. They put up for a night in an itinerant hunter's cabin on an island and then left the next morning on an *almanarvertin* (a *qajaq* or *qajaq*)—the Eskimo word meaning "a smooth, silky sea that drives hunters blind."

On Sept. 10, they paddled into the Angmagssalik Fjord and decided to camp

on a tiny skerry, picked arbitrarily from many on the route. Here they stumbled upon the most remarkable discovery of their entire trip. As Groesbeck wrote, "Each campsite has been a privilege, but this one is a trust. Best to be silent."

They had come upon the ruins of an abandoned village. There were graves and human bones. It seemed possible even that Groesbeck and Slane were the first people to visit this ghostly settlement since the last living inhabitant had died or departed Lord knows when. Standing on the island's highest point, they could make out the ruins of several houses—sunken pits lined with stones or sod, with trenches leading into them. Beyond the houses, on what seemed to be something like a village green, were two or three sets of rocks set in double rings, a little like ancient sun wheels. All of these rocks were coated with black lichen, evidence that it had been many years since human hands had moved them.



The bones of early Greenlanders lie amid the lichen-covered ruins of their village.

At the grave sites, Groesbeck and Slane saw no fewer than eight skulls. One grave contained three skulls, seeming to indicate multiple burials. "This might suggest far-reaching tragedy," Groesbeck wrote. "A few of the bones are obviously large, any size or better. Could these be remains from a Viking incursion?"

The next day Groesbeck and Slane paddled up the Angmagssalik Fjord in rough water, but still covered the 20 miles to town in just about four hours. There would be no more horizontal, no more vertical on this trip. They talked seriously of kayaking 500 more miles to the south, outrunning winter on the way, but the Danish Ministry for Greenland refused permission. On Oct. 10 they flew back to New York from Reykjavik and one of Groesbeck's last entries, on page 139 of his fifth daybook, was this: "1900 to 1930. The cold coast of Greenland has passed below. We seem to be passing quite south of Angmagssalik. There is very little ice."

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BOOM BOOM AND BUST
Sir,

Ralph Wiley has earned my deepest gratitude for his story on Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini's successful first defense of his WBA lightweight title (*A Shining Ray of Hope*, Aug. 2). I appreciated not only his superb coverage of the Mancini-Ernesto Espinoza fight, but also his allusion to the positive impact young Mancini has had on his economically depressed and frustrated homeland, Ohio's Mahoning Valley.

Before traveling East this summer from my rural, agriculturally based hometown of Atascadero, Calif., I had seen the effects of our ailing economy only in the real-estate and construction businesses. It was quite an education for me, a fourth-year college student, to witness firsthand the economy's adverse effects on our nation's industrial cities—Youngstown, Ohio especially. I spent three days in Youngstown wishing there were something I could do to help wipe the anguish off the faces of the many unemployed there. It was on my fourth and final day in the Mahoning Valley that I realized there was at least a temporary cure: Talk about Boom Boom. The mention of Mancini's name seemingly led every bartender in the Valley to boast, "The champ was in here just the other night," and the unemployed to say, "Yeah, I'm unemployed, but at least it's in Boom Boom Mancini's hometown." Let's just hope the boys on Capitol Hill can deliver as much relief to the Mahoning Valley as has Boom Boom.

R. L. (BOBBY) SARKER
Atascadero, Calif.

Sir,

In his fight against WBC champion Alexis Arguello (*Lowering the Boom Boom*, Oct. 12, 1981), Ray Mancini proved himself to be a quality lightweight. He deserved, and has received, ample recognition for that achievement. However, now you've fallen victim, once again, to your penchant for trying to turn promising young white American fighters into real-life Rockys. In my opinion, you previously tried to do the same thing with Gerry Cooney and Sean O'Grady. Now it's Mancini's turn, for what else can the reference to Mancini's "tiger eyes" be than an allusion to the theme song from *Rocky III*?

None of this is Mancini's fault. He is, as you note, an "attraction." Still, he has yet to acquit himself in a winning effort against a quality lightweight. Neither An Friso nor Ernesto Espinoza was a true test for Mancini. Between them they have lost four fights in a row. If you must ride tigers, why not tell us what happens to them after they've been de-

clawed—which is another way of asking, where's Sean O'Grady now?

LAURENCE DICKEY
New York City

BILLS FACTS (CONT.)

Sir,

Your leadoff letters (19TH HOLE, Aug. 2) were by far the most gratifying of my many years of reading and enjoying the magazine. Knowing that class athletes like Bob Chandler and O.J. Simpson really do care about their fans—enough so that both felt it necessary to respond to reader Joseph M. Overfield—makes all the worthless politicking of pro sports today somehow more tolerable, especially here in western New York, where jobs are thin and crowds are still thick to watch our favorite Bills.

JIM COATESWORTH
Holland, N.Y.

Sir,

The Bob Chandler-Joseph M. Overfield-O.J. Simpson discourse evokes fond memories of Buffalo and the Bills. While in school there, I lived and died with the Bills, as did many others in the community. I will always be grateful to individual players such as Jack Kemp, Ernie Warlick and, later, Chandler and Simpson because they provided thrilling entertainment.

I also recall reader Joe Overfield as a fine man and heady student of sport who taught me the fundamentals of baseball while coaching the neighborhood team when I was a kid. Obviously he is also a loyal Bills fan. His remarks (19TH HOLE, July 26) and those of other readers highlight how vulnerable many Buffalo residents are to comments such as Douglas S. Looney's tired reference to Buffalo geography. Being away for a number of years adds dimension and perspective to one's view of Buffalo and the Bills. One may then indeed laugh at circumstances less than ideal pertaining to either, or both. The fact that one may laugh at such events, however, in no way implies any less esteem for either Buffalo or the Bills. In that sense, Chandler and Simpson are right.

DAVID C. STEPHENS, M.D.
Wilmington, Del.

HIGH SCHOOL ALL-STARS

Sir,

I read with interest Ralph Wiley's article on high school all-star games (*Their Rite of Passage*, Aug. 2), but why must all journalists write the negative side of a story?

To say that making the transition from high school basketball to college ball is tough is an understatement. A student-athlete just entering college soon realizes what true work really

is. As a member of the McDonald's West team who is headed for Oregon State, I say this not from experience, but from knowledgeable expectations. A college player sometimes can spend up to 40 hours a week playing, learning plays and attending chalk talks. It's just common knowledge that playing a sport in college is like having a job.

I believe that all of the players in the McDonald's All American Game know that they have their work cut out for them. For some, it may take a little longer to realize how severe the work is. But, in fact, isn't everything we players do a challenge? Whether it be the McDonald's game or vieping up into the ranks of college basketball, the life of a basketball player is one big challenge. It is something a person learns when entering junior high or high school. You may be better than some players, but there is always another better than you are. This is why all-star games are important. Players get a chance to play with and against those whose talent is equal to or better than their own.

So give the all-star games and the players a chance. Maturity is gained through experience, and these players will all probably come to see the bad and good sides of college basketball and learn how to deal with both. And what if not all 25 players of the McDonald's game become stars? It may be hard to believe, but many of us enter the game because it's the best sport in the country and because it's fun to play. I may have scored only two points in the game, but I learned that I could play with the best. And I brought home some wonderful memories of the players and of the people of Chicago.

STEVE WOODSIDE
Portland, Ore.

Sir,

McDonald's deserves a hand for sponsoring the All American Game and the Capital Classic and donating 40% of the profits to charity and education. However, what happens to the many great players who didn't get invited to play or who aren't going to the big colleges? I'm sure there are a lot of players of the same caliber who weren't selected. Those who participated are very carefully watched by the scouts, and this may be their big shot at stardom. What of the others?

HAL GIBSKY
Oakland, N.J.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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